

GOLD
KEY

BUGS BUNNY

15c

BUGS BUNNY

19978-301
JANUARY



INTRODUCING



Have fantastic new ways to have fun... from General Electric



You're an announcer—on GE's Base Station, your own radio station. Send or receive by voice or code. Built in telegraph key. Listen to all 23 Citizen Band channels. AM radio too! \$29.95†

Base Station: Y7060



Chord Organ: N380

You're a musician—playing real music right away on GE's Electric Chord Organ. 12 chords, 3 octaves, 37 melody keys, volume control, big sound, easy-to-follow color-coded song book! All this for \$34.95†



Walkie-Talkie: Y7140

You're a squad leader—calling up reserves via GE's Walkie Talkie. Send or receive voice or code. Has Morse Code printed right on it! 48" whip antenna, range up to 1/3 mile.* Just \$19.95† per pair.



Radio Flashlight: Y7060

You're a forest ranger—lighting up the night while listening to your favorite programs on GE's Radio-Flashlight. Clamp it onto handlebars—a bike radio! Built-in rechargeable battery. Comes complete with recharging unit. \$12.95†



Tape Player: G3700

You're Master of Ceremonies—playing the gang's favorite music and stories on GE's handy battery operated Tape Player. Just pop in the pre-recorded tape cartridges. Visit your GE man, soon. Just \$19.95†

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

† Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher South and West.

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

* depending on terrain and conditions

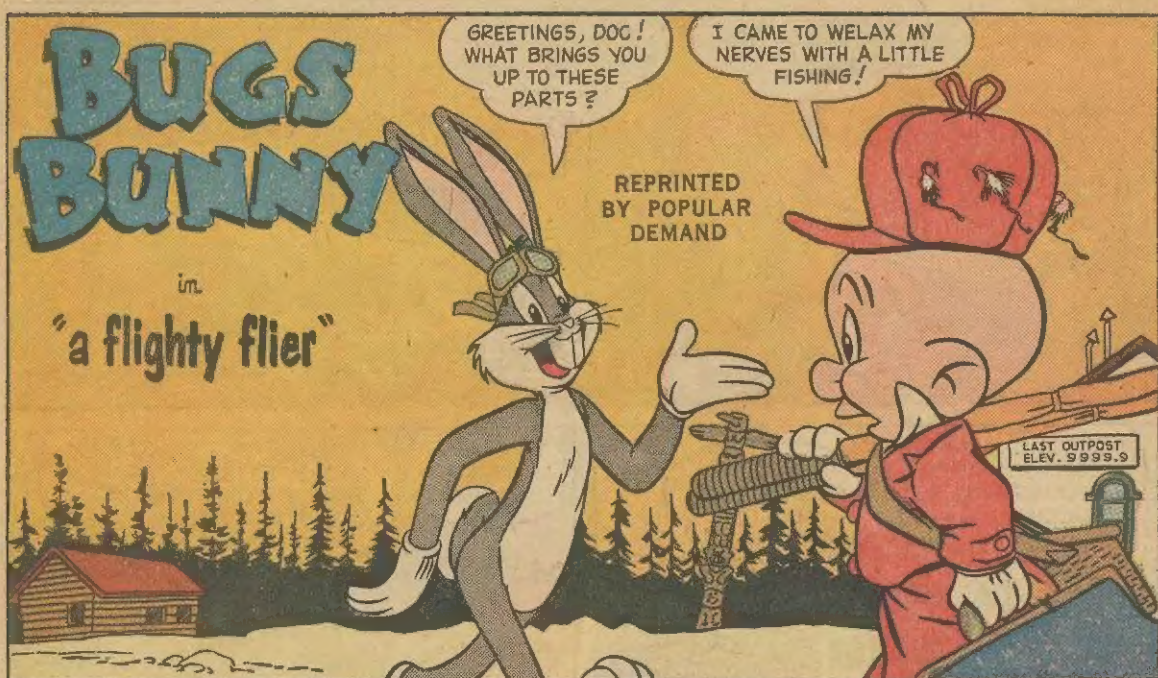
BUGS BUNNY

in
"a flighty flier"

GREETINGS, DOC!
WHAT BRINGS YOU
UP TO THESE
PARTS?

I CAME TO WELAX MY
NERVES WITH A LITTLE
FISHING!

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND



FISHING? WELL,
YOU CAME TO THE
RIGHT PLACE!

GOOD! I PWOMISED ALL MY
FWIENDS I'D BWING HOME
FISH FOR EVVYONE!

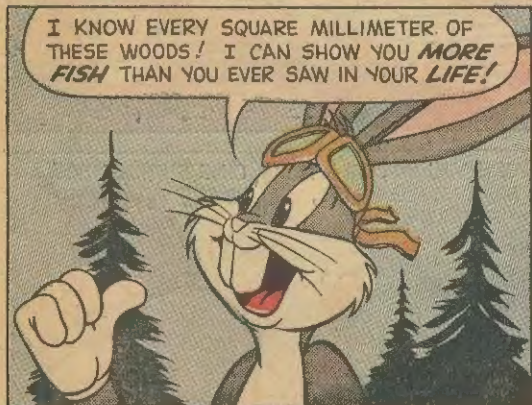


MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME
WHERE TO FIND A GOOD
GUIDE AND A CANOE!

GUIDE? LOOK
NO FURTHER,
FUDDSY!



I KNOW EVERY SQUARE MILLIMETER OF
THESE WOODS! I CAN SHOW YOU **MORE
FISH** THAN YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR **LIFE!**



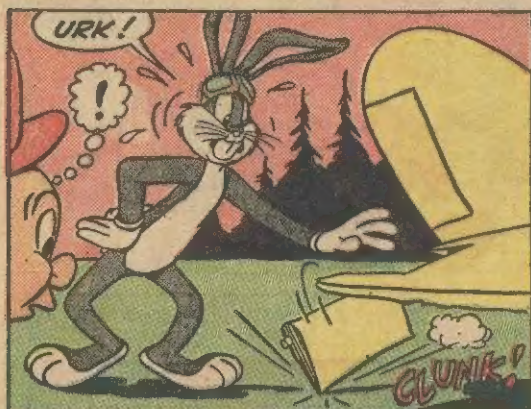
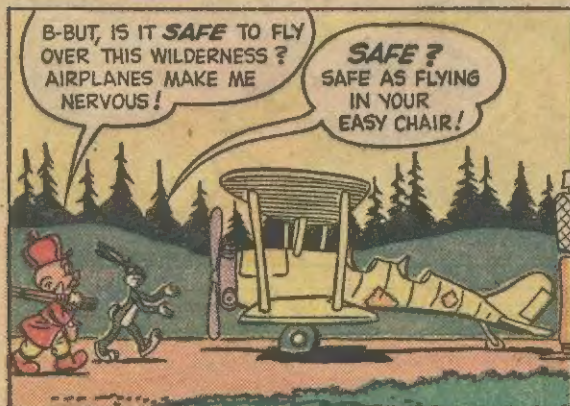
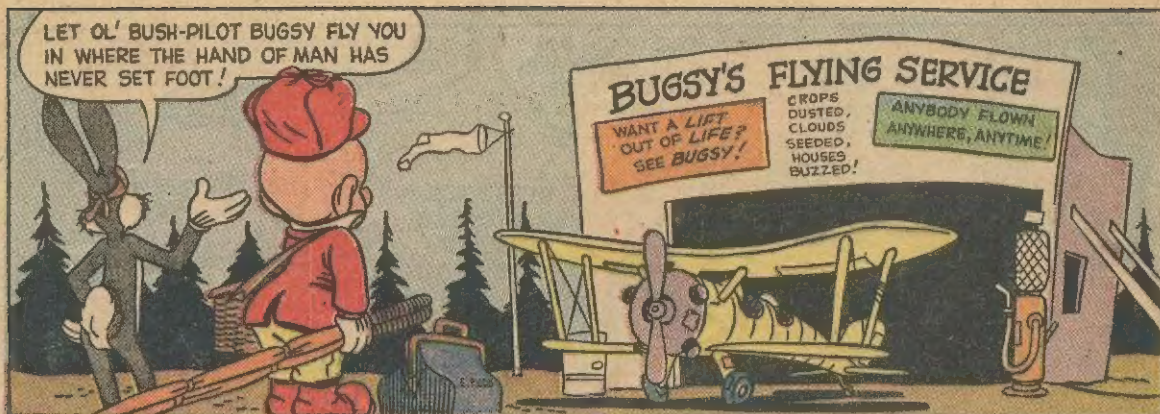
AND WHY MESS AROUND WITH OLD-FASHIONED
STUFF LIKE CANOES? **BE MODERN!**

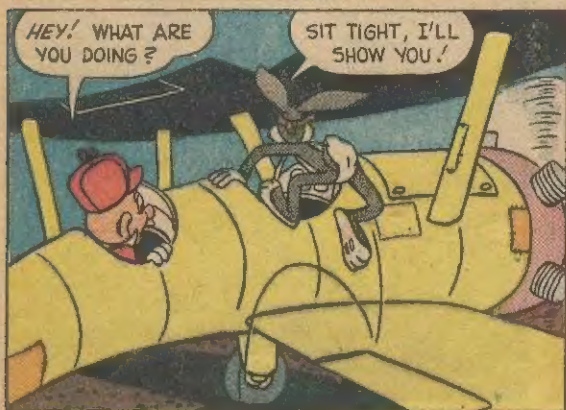
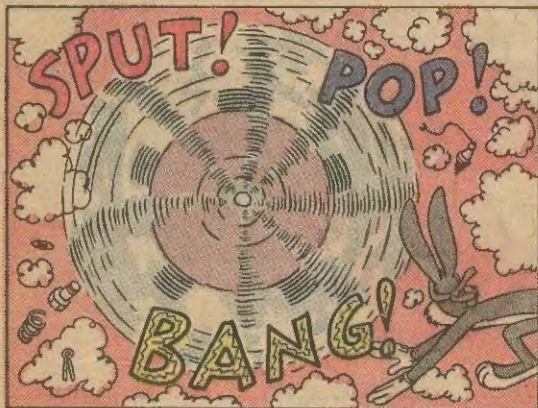
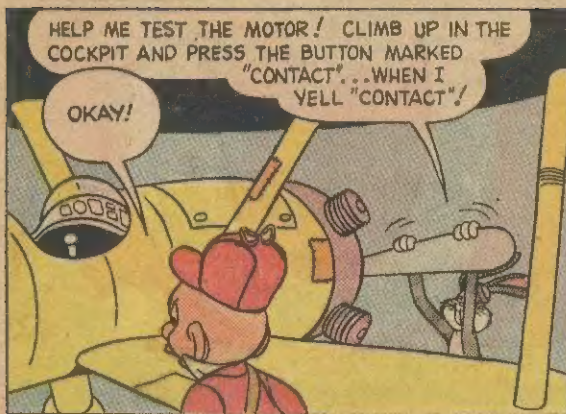


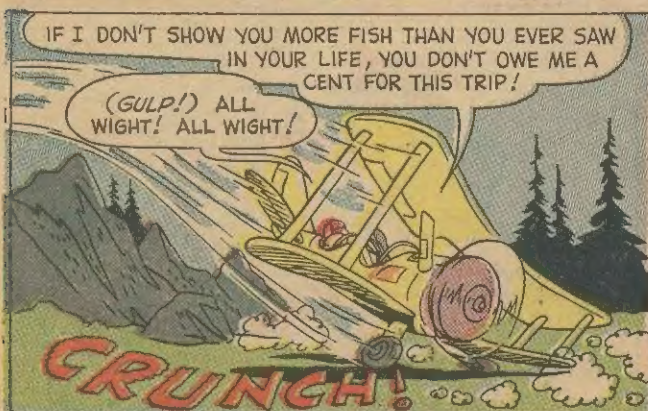
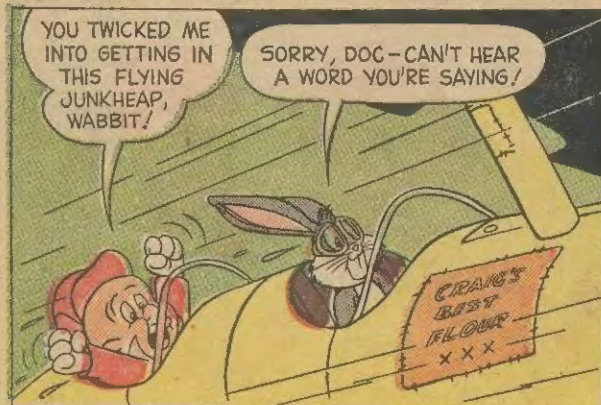
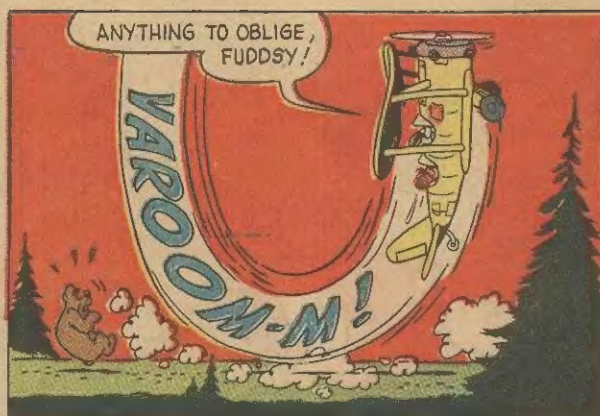
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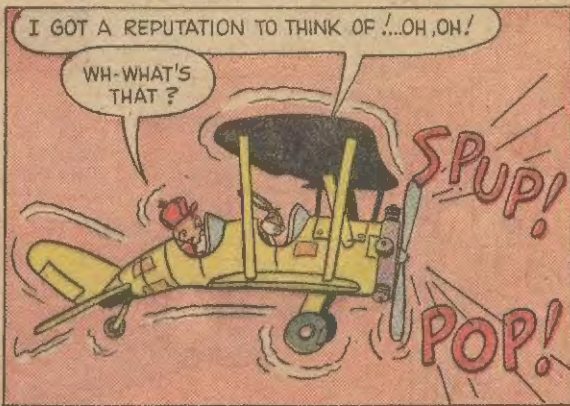
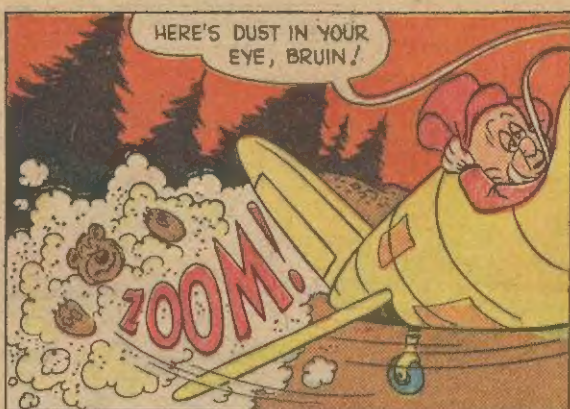


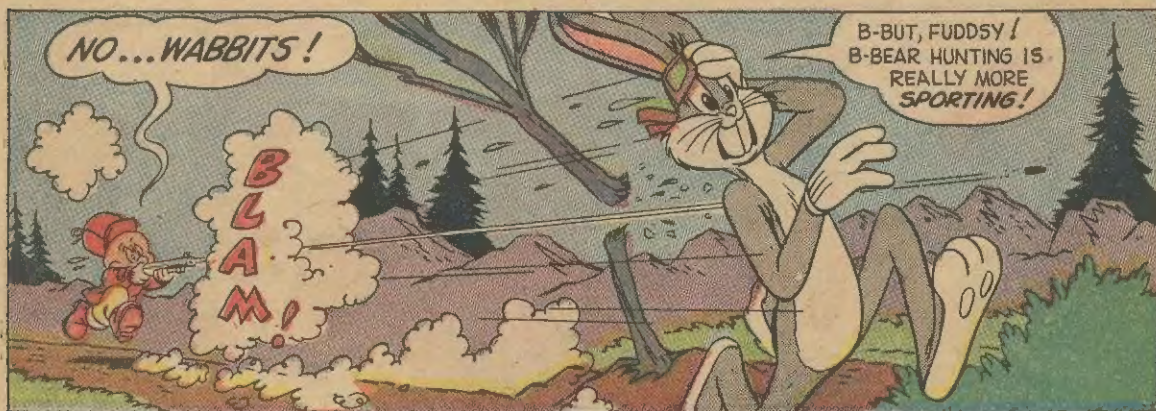
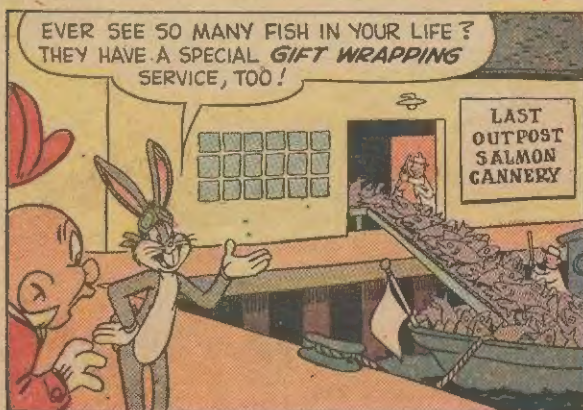
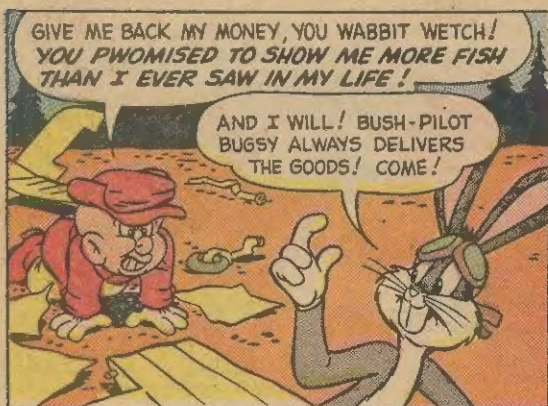










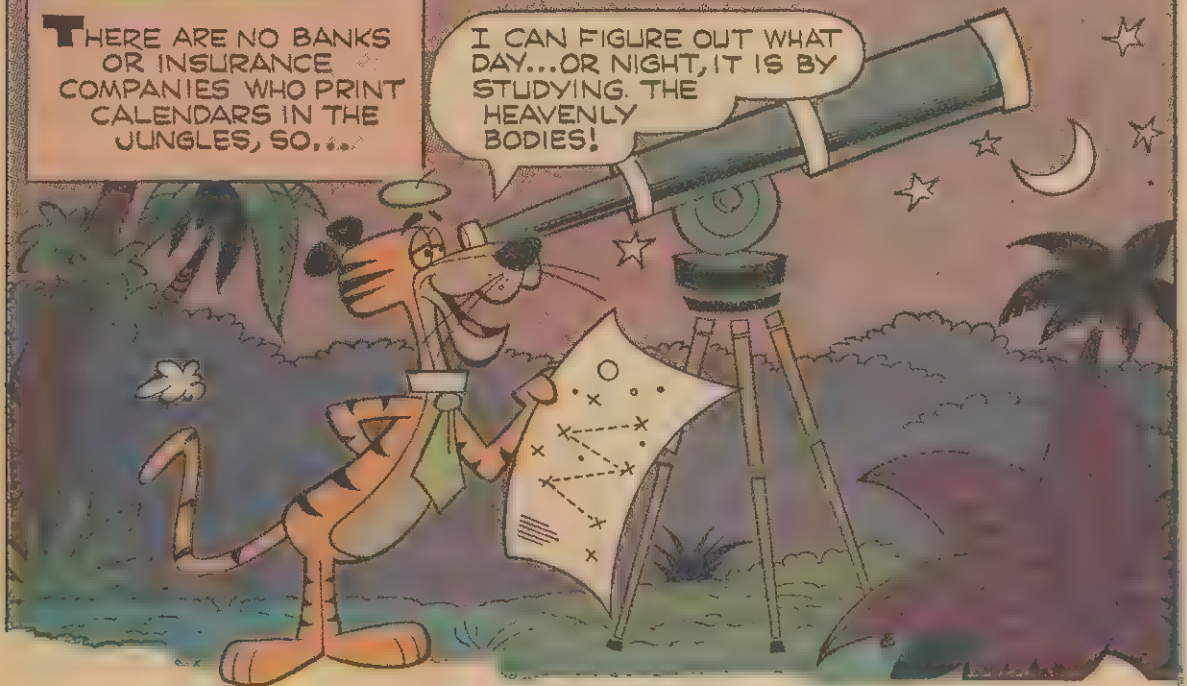


COOL CAT

The BIRTHDAY HUNTING PARTY

THERE ARE NO BANKS OR INSURANCE COMPANIES WHO PRINT CALENDARS IN THE JUNGLES, SO...

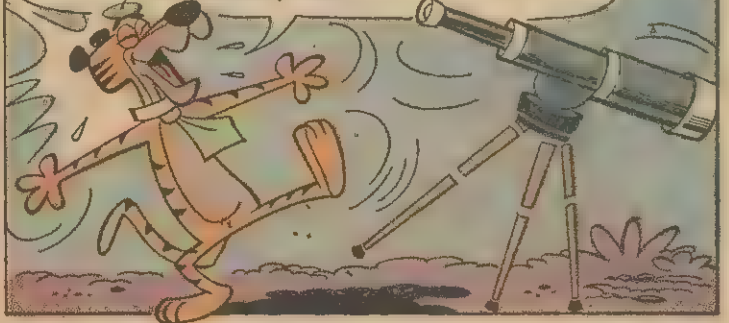
I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT DAY...OR NIGHT, IT IS BY STUDYING THE HEAVENLY BODIES!



OH, JOY GALORE! TOMORROW IS MY HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



I HOPE MY FRIENDS THROW A BIG WING-DINGY PARTY FOR ME WITH LOTS OF CATNIP, AND...

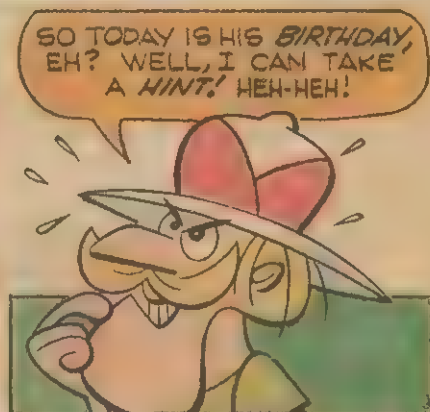
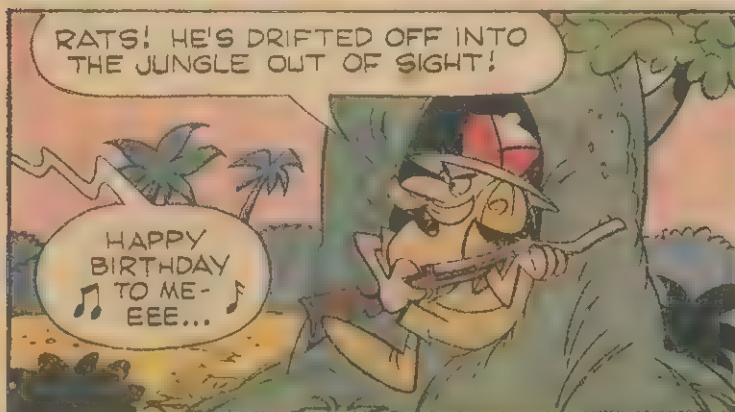
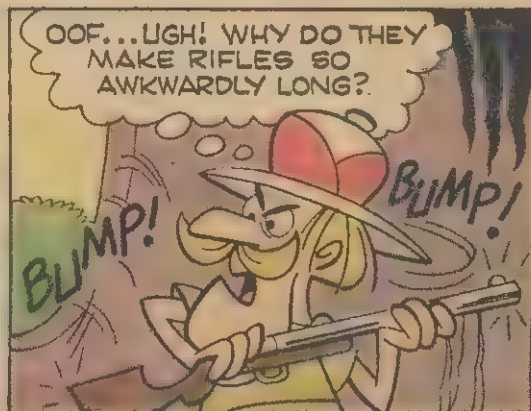
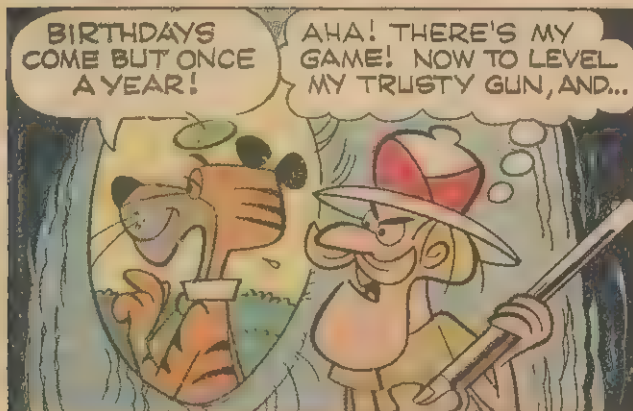
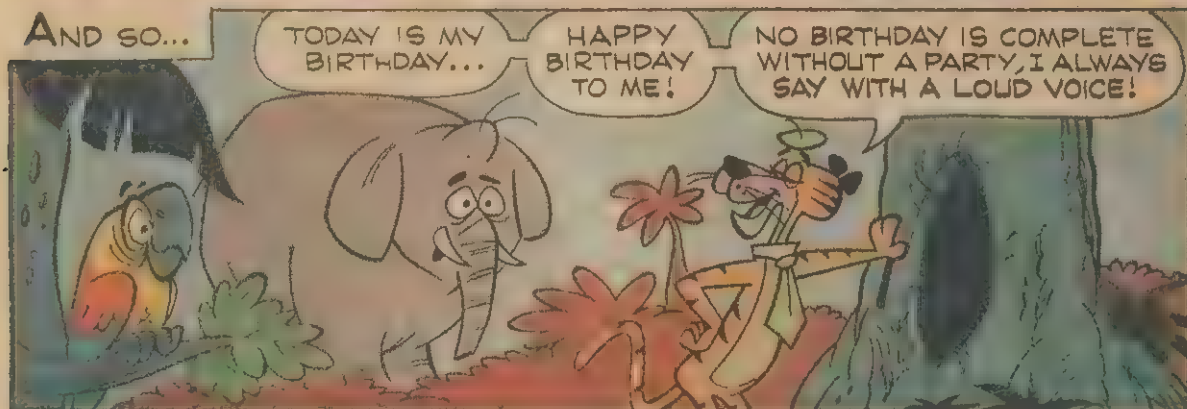


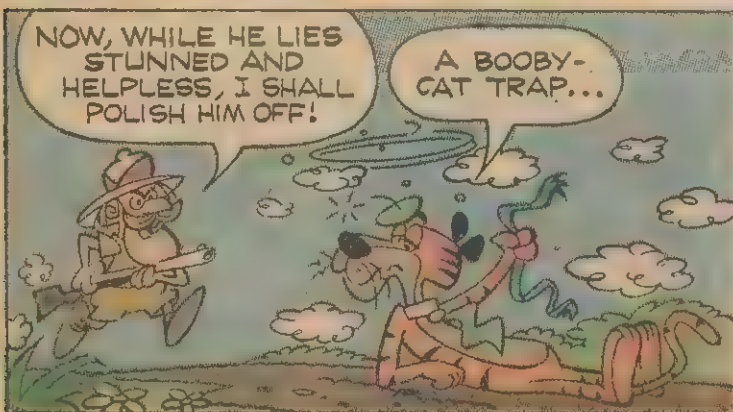
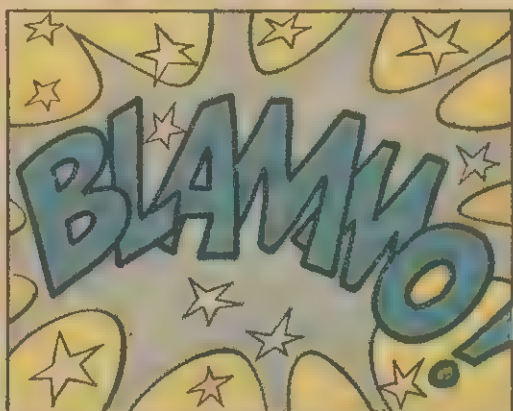
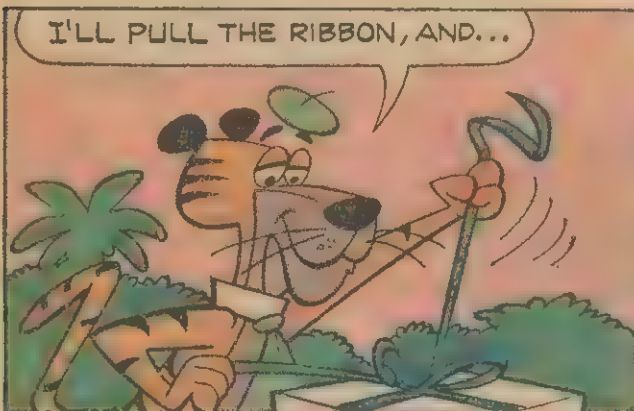
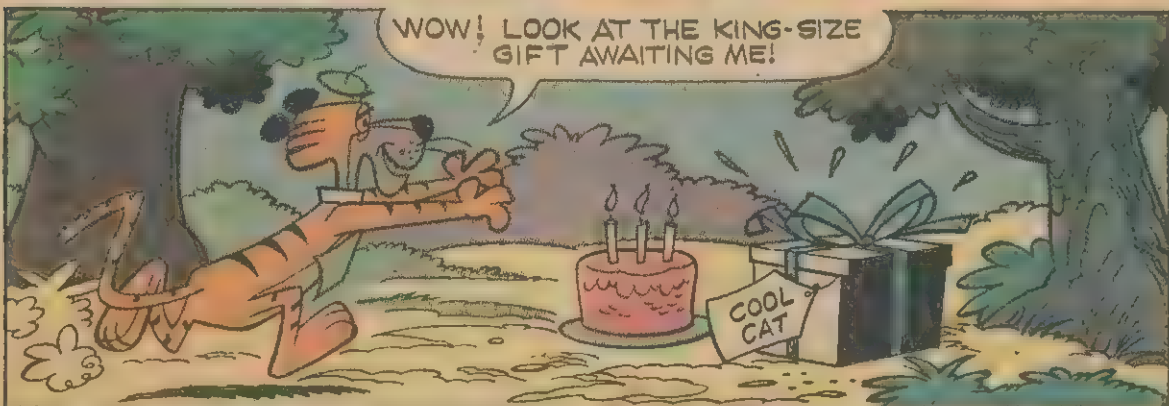
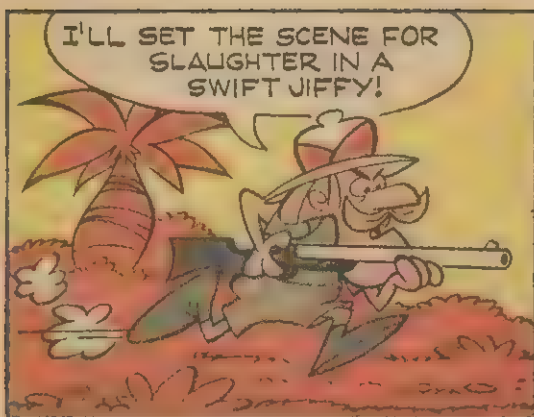
...AND...AND...(SIGH!) WHAT WISHFUL THINKING A BIRTHDAY PARTY IS!

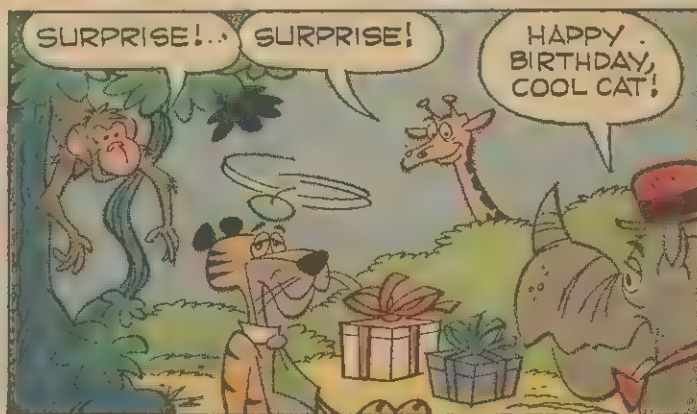
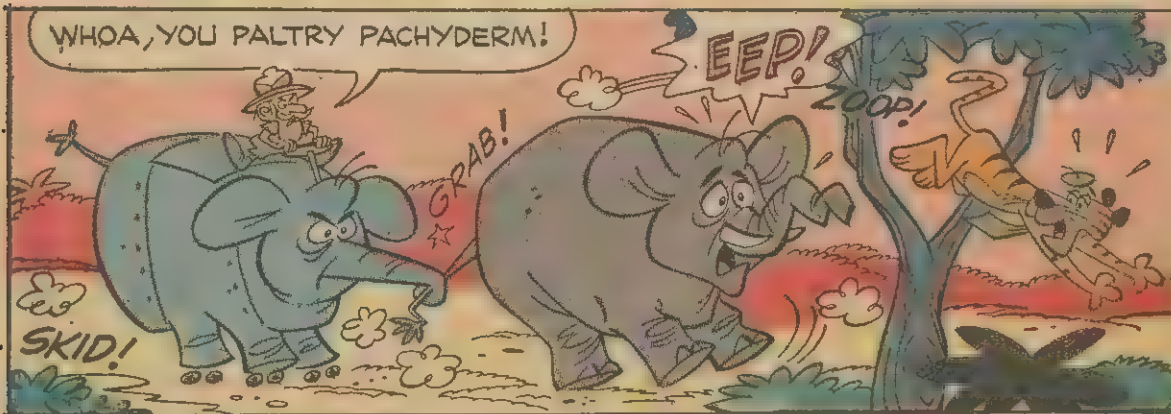
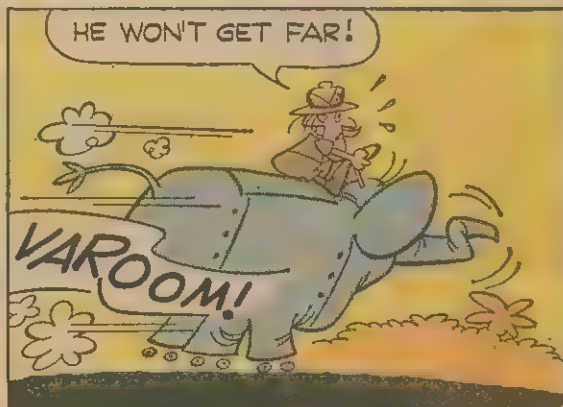
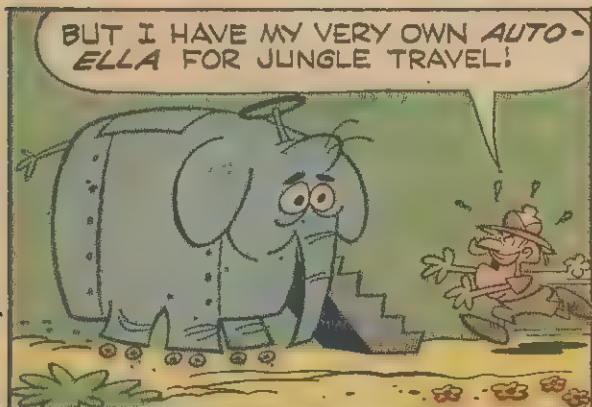
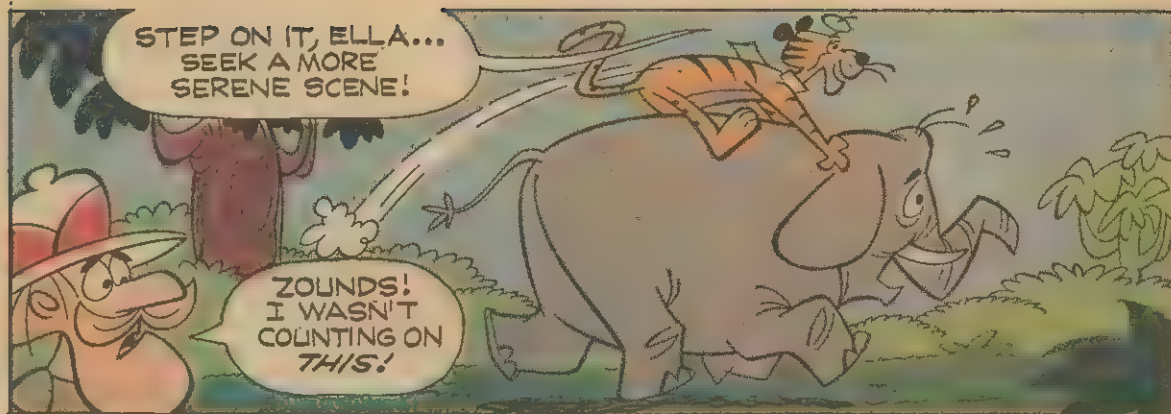


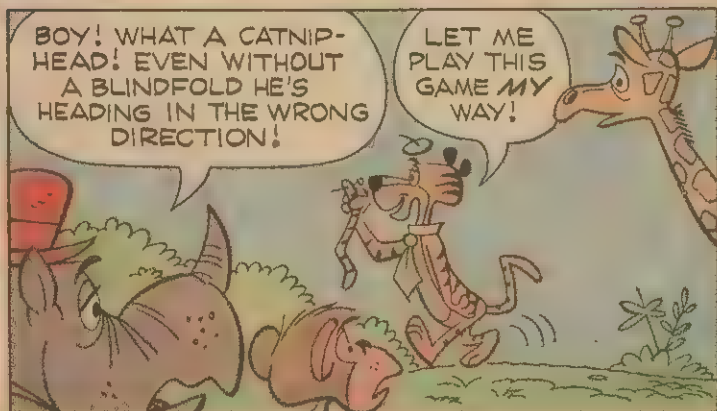
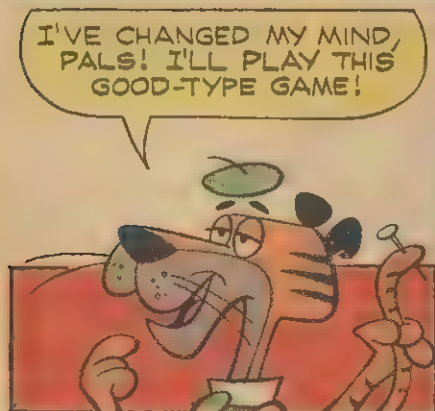
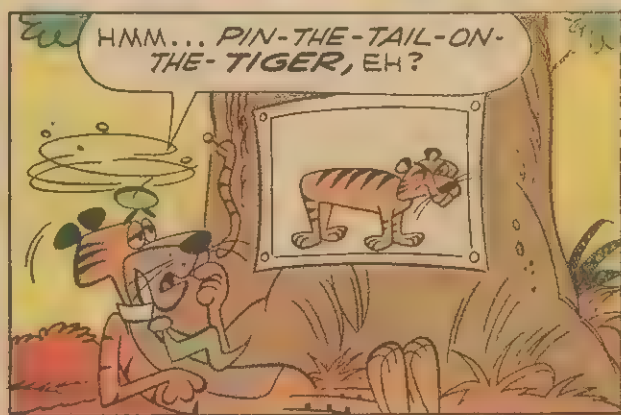
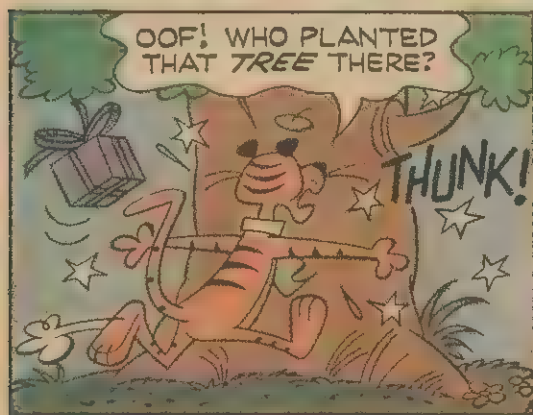
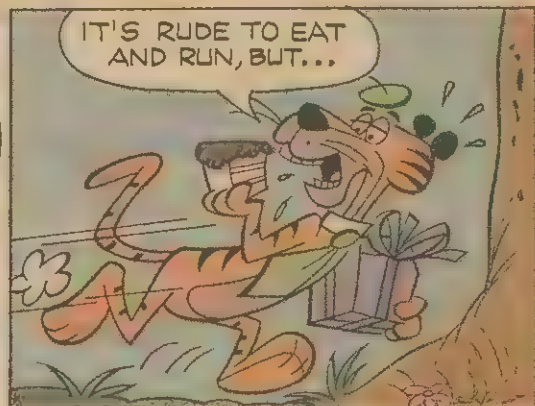
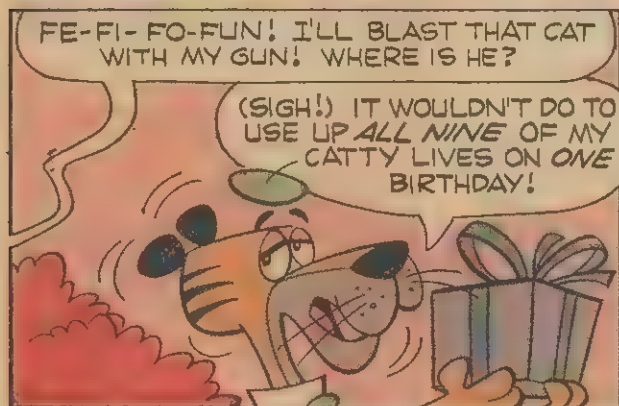
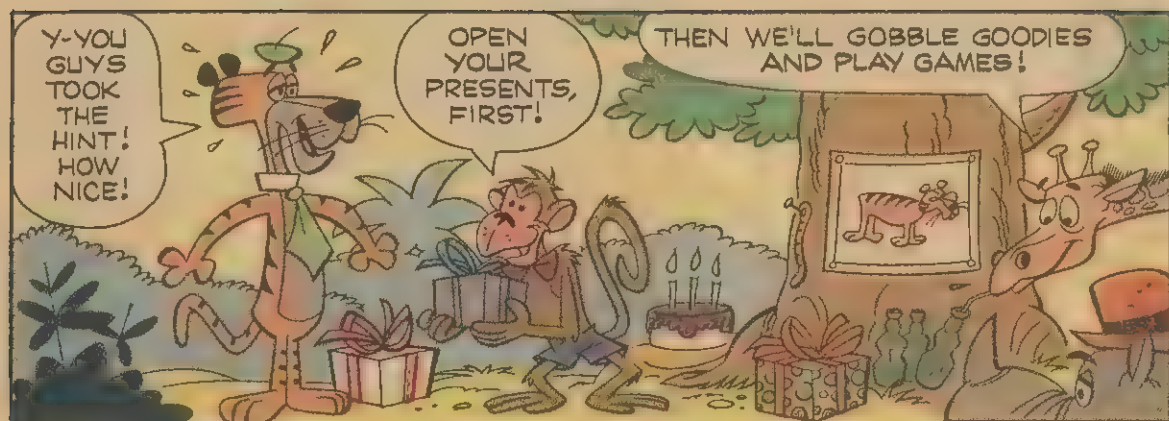
MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF THE DATE, AND THEY THINK STARS ARE ONLY FOR TWINKLING!

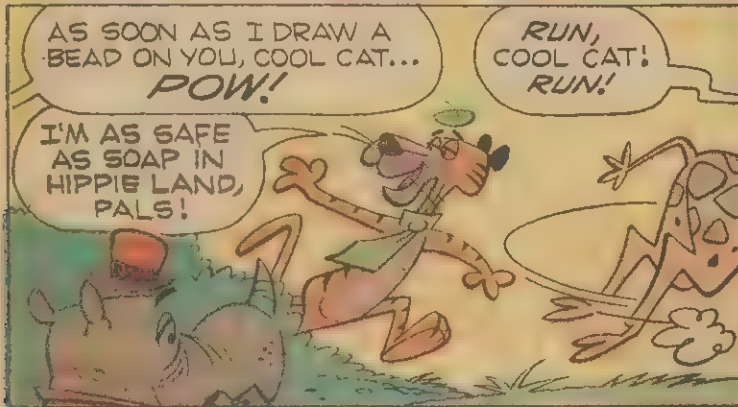
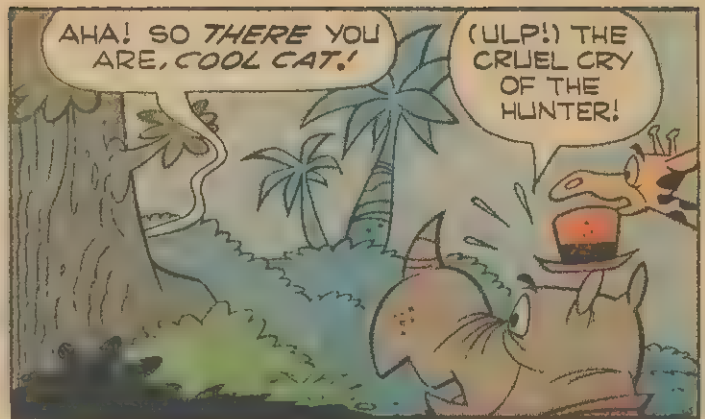














GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB NEWS



DON'T MISS AN ISSUE, OR YOU MAY MISS YOUR CONTRIBUTION.



IT'S THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

Comedy also highlights the Gold Key program as the holiday season gets under way next month. And what could be more fitting?

DAFFY DUCK returns with a new friend, Merlin the Magic Mouse.

THE THREE STOOGES have another hilarious misadventure in "The Souper Doopers."

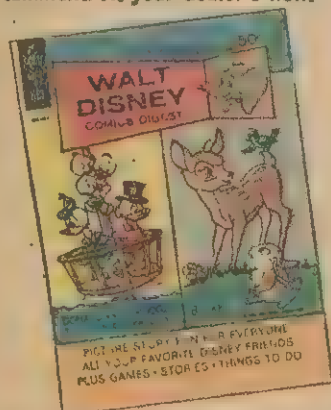
LITTLE LULU and her pals cavort in WINTER FUN. Watch Tubby matching wits with a ground hog.

UNCLE SCROOGE stars in "The Case of the Watched Duck," a quacker-jack mystery. MOBY DUCK joins a motley crew for a pirates' holiday.

Add THE FLINSTONES, TOP CAT, PORKY PIG, TWEETY AND SYLVESTER, SCAMP, and you have a Gold Key mint full of the best of the funniest.

A Big Three in adventure also awaits you: TARZAN OF THE APES, KORAK, SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON.

Do you have your new WALT DISNEY COMICS DIGEST? It's a 192-page pocket-size book of giant-size entertainment. At your dealer's now.



TANTALIZING TRIO OF CHILLERS TO CAST SPELL

BORIS KARLOFF WILL GET YOU!

Hair-raising! Eyebrow curling! That describes next month's TALES OF MYSTERY. BORIS KARLOFF, the master storyteller, is at his eerie best. Find out what "The Thing Called Ilona" is — and after you have, read on! You're in for a shocking good time.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE CALLS!

Here is one of the all-time favorites, a super collection of supernatural stories to tease your imagination. Take a journey into the strange and thought-provoking world of THE TWILIGHT ZONE next month.

NOW ON SALE

YELLOW SUBMARINE with THE BEATLES CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG

Both with big pull-out posters, an exciting Gold Key first!

Get in now on early Christmas fun with WOODY WOODPECKER CHRISTMAS PARADE — a festive Giant Comic.

Meet GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE with Tom Slick and Super Chicken as added attractions.

Get the best of the West in LANCER and GUNSMOKE.

BARNABAS COLLINS WILL HAUNT YOU

You've seen him on TV, now you can see him in Gold Key — in DARK SHADOWS. He's Barnabas Collins, the 175-year-old vampire with a flair for scare. Bound up in a fate not of his own choosing, he must react evilly at times when threatened.

And now he is threatened. A young girl is on the verge of discovering his unearthly secret — and she must not be allowed to live to tell the tale.

DARK SHADOWS — the sensational TV show becomes a Gold Key thriller. From an 18th-century witch hunt to 20th-century vampirism and witchcraft, you'll follow Barnabas Collins in his nightly quest as he struggles between good and evil.

DARK SHADOWS — with a big pull-out poster of Barnabas Collins, the vampire with biting appeal!



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Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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Reader's Page

DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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Letter C



Number 3

Darcy Nelson
Rupert, Idaho

Number 7



Mary Elizabeth James
Cooksville, Ontario,
Canada

Letter b



Letter D



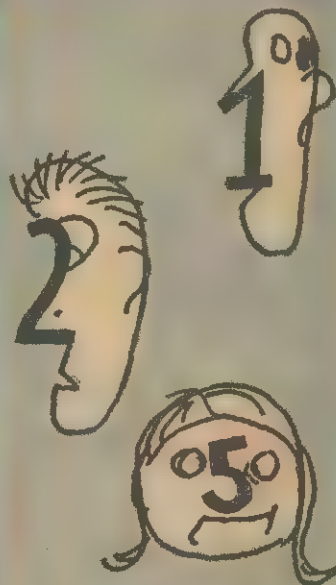
Number 9

Susan Mansfield
Concordia, Kansas



Letter K

Patty Sperle
Leola, South Dakota



Numbers 1, 2, 5

Sonya Dresser
Seneca Falls,
New York

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WOODY WOODPECKER, THE FLINTSTONES...**

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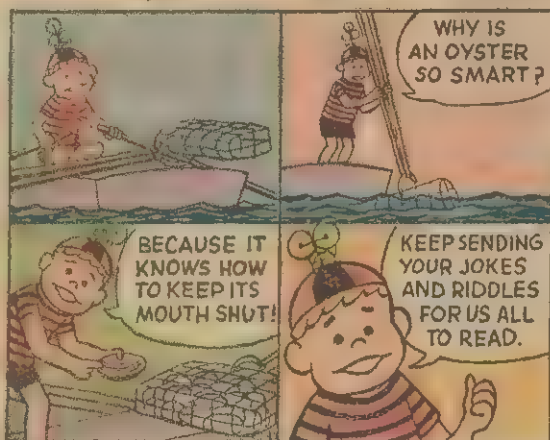
Parent's signature _____

☐ \$1 enclosed. Bill me \$1 a month for 4 months.

HA1



JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why is a wig like a lie?
Answer: Because they're both falsehoods.
 Susan Mann—Newark, New Jersey

Riddle: Why are small boys like flannel pajamas?
Answer: They both shrink from washing.
 Kevin Fleming—Denver, Colorado

Riddle: What did one queen bee say to the other queen bee?
Answer: Mind your own bees' nest.
 Larry Edward Harris—Carrollton, Ohio

John: I once had an uncle who worked in a watch factory?
Bob: What did he do?
John: He sat around making faces.
 Melanie Martin—Cleveland, Ohio

Helen: Did you know that the animals came to Noah's ark in pairs?
Ellen: Yes, all but the worms. They came in apples.
 Tracy Jones—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Terry: Why is your dog running around in circles?
Merry: He's a watchdog and he's winding himself up.
 Beverly Irving—Cincinnati, Ohio

Son: Dad, may I borrow the car tonight?
Dad: No. What did you think you have two feet for?
Son: One's for the gas pedal and the other's for the brake.
 Gerard Aldridge—Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada

KNOCK KNOCK!
Who's There?
 Isabel.
 Isabel who?
 Isabel necessary on a bike?
 Tom Gazo—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Gorilla who?
Gorilla my dreams, I love you.
 Larry W. Parrish—Columbus, Mississippi

Sarah who?
Sarah doctor in the house?
 David Nemes—Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada

Waldo who?
Waldon't just stand there, do something.
 Robert Brand—Newark, New Jersey

Eileen who?
Eileen on you for support.
 Leonard Hopkins—Denver, Colorado

Annette who?
Annette is needed to catch butterflies.
 Linda Kempel—Norfolk, Virginia

Wilfred who?
Wilfred never get here?
 Evelyn Roy—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: What has six feet and sings?
Answer: A trio.
 Betty Grier—Richland, Georgia

Teacher: Johnny, how many bones do you have in your body?
Johnny: I have nine hundred.
Teacher: We'll that is more than I have.
Johnny: Yes, but I had fish for lunch.
 Michael Mullen—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Riddle: What did the leopard say when he ate a hot dog?
Answer: That hit the right spot.
 Jeanne Hagen—Garden City, Michigan

Son: Dad, I got 100 in school today.
Father: Good! What subject?
Son: Two—60 in arithmetic and 40 in spelling.
 Wendy June Harnum—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Tourist: How do you get to Bigtown?
Farmer: We drive over in my station wagon.
 Bonnie McCarley—Birmingham, Alabama

Riddle: Two mice were sitting on top of a wall. One fell off. What did the other one do?
Answer: He used mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.
 Debbie Heindel—Payette, Idaho

Billy: How do you remove varnish?
Harry: Take out the "r" and make it vanish.
 Robert Zembelli—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

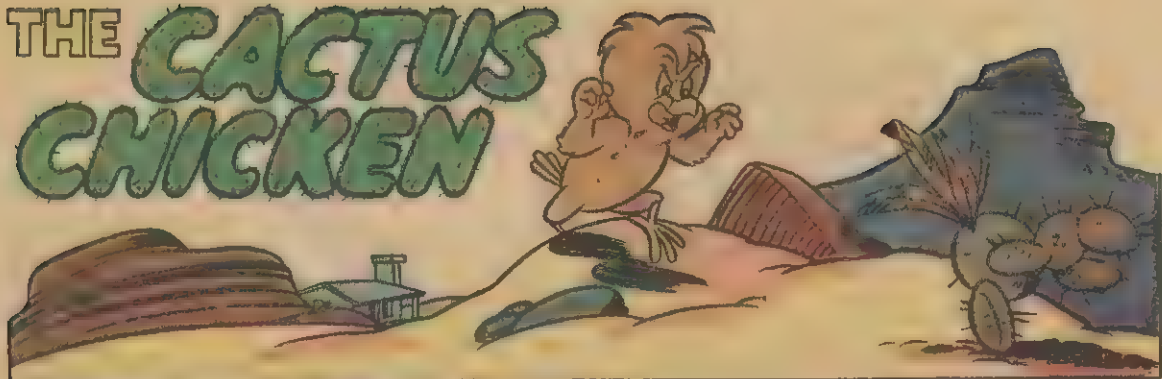
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THE CACTUS CHICKEN



As Ollie Owl was one day snoozing comfortably in the meager shade of a scraggly mesquite bush, he was suddenly startled by the loud clatter of stones nearby. He opened his eyes just in time to see Henery Hawk tiptoeing sneakily past.

"Hi, Henery!" called Ollie. "Are you looking for something?"

Henery jumped guiltily and jerked around. "OLLIE! Er—I was just admiring the lovely colors of the desert," he mumbled weakly.

"Hmph! And is it possible that you were admiring the colors of Artist Brown's chickens, as well?" declared Ollie, shrewdly. "When I grubstaked you so you could do some prospecting out here, you promised not to bother Mr. Brown's chickens. He's my friend, and he uses his chickens as models for drawings for children's books."

"I absolutely promise not to chase chickens, Ollie," asserted Henery slyly.

But Ollie shook his head doubtfully as he watched Henery wander off down a nearby ravine. So he searched until he found just what he needed in case Henery did get the chicken fever. And, finally, he set the object among some rocks at the bottom of a steep hill near the artist's stone cabin.

Meanwhile, Henery simply could not forget about those plump young chickens! And at last he figured out how he could get Ollie out of the way.

"Help, Ollie!" he cried, with a shrill and piercing wail.

Immediately the kindhearted Ollie took off on a frantic dash to find Henery. But in the depths of the rocky ravine, with trees and bushes set thickly all around him, Ollie was soon hopelessly lost.

"Where are you, Henery?" called Ollie,

worriedly, peeking behind every bush.

By that time, Henery had made a cautious circle back to the artist's cabin, and sure enough, his slick plan had worked. For Ollie was not in sight, and a tempting, fluffy chicken was lying motionless in plain view, sound asleep among some rocks near the sunny hill.

"Wowie, a sleeping chicken!" muttered Henery, greedily. "Then I won't have to chase it, and so I won't break my promise to Ollie!"

He then crawled painfully over some sharp rocks to get close enough to grab at the huddled chicken in a final rushing flurry.

"Ow!" he yelled as he clutched the chicken. "OUCH! HELP!" And his pained voice showed that he really needed help!

When Ollie came puffing back, using Henery's shocked cries as a direction finder, Henery was dancing wildly and trying to shake from his hands the long cactus needles which bristled thickly.

"Well, Henery Hawk," squeaked Ollie, indignantly, "explain this if you can!"

"Okay, Ollie, okay!" pleaded Henery, humbly. "You certainly put over your point—lots of points, in fact. That chicken was nothing but a prickly pear cactus with lots of feathers stuck in it. So now you can just help pull out all the cactus needles that are stuck in me!"

"Tish, tush, Henery," retorted Ollie, dramatically. "This should certainly teach you that fine feathers don't always make fine chickens!"

And Henery nodded sadly in agreement each time Ollie very carefully plucked a cactus needle from out his hide!

BUGS BUNNY

The SHIP SINKERS

OH, BROTHER! I PITY
THE SHIPS AT SEA!
WHAT A STORMY
NIGHT!

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS
WHEN WE GO
CAMPING!

REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

SANCTUARY! SAVE ME
FROM THE ELEMENTS, CHUMS!
THE STORM RAGES!

O-OH!
THAT
CRAZY
DUCK
AGAIN!

GIVE ME SHELTER,
I BESEECH YOU!
'TIS SO LITTLE
I ASK!

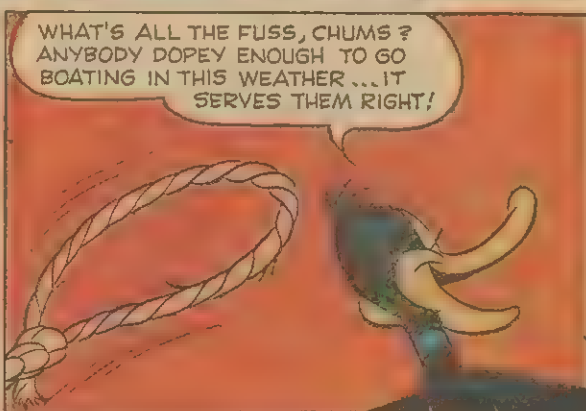
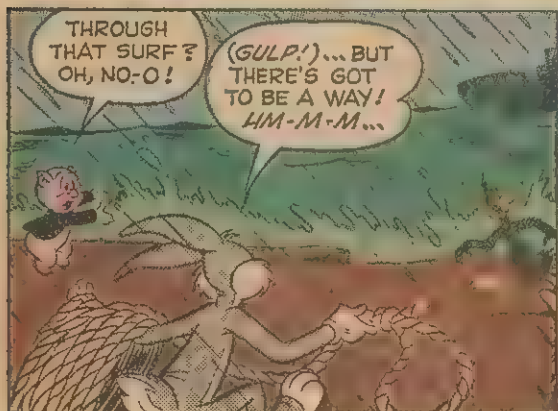
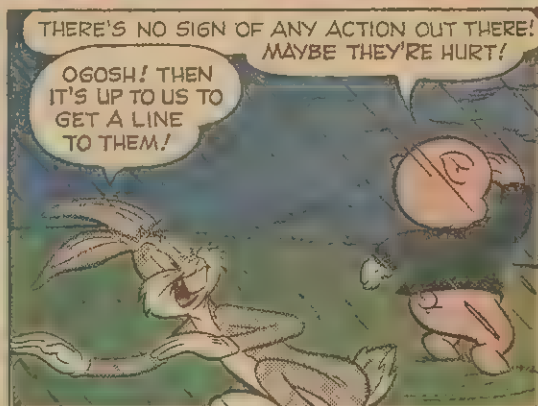
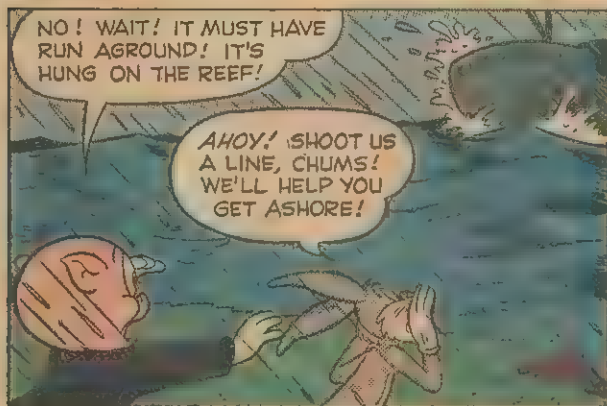
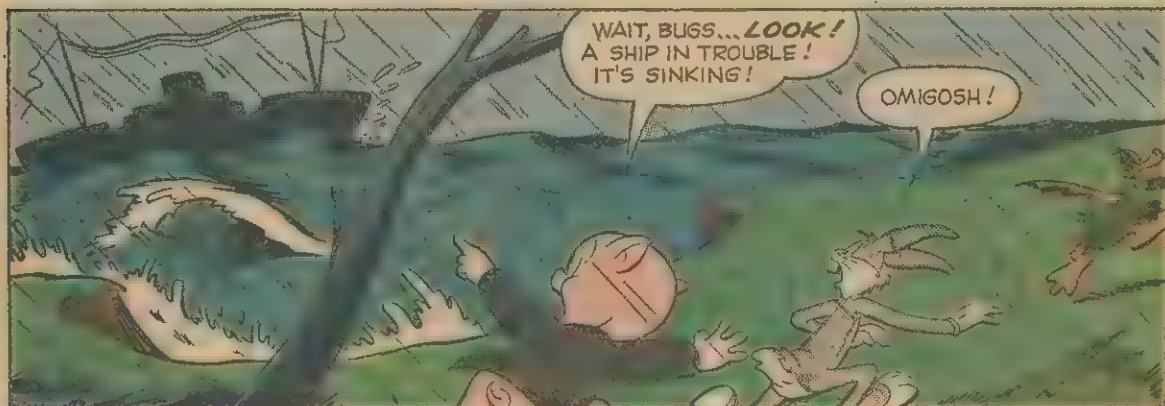
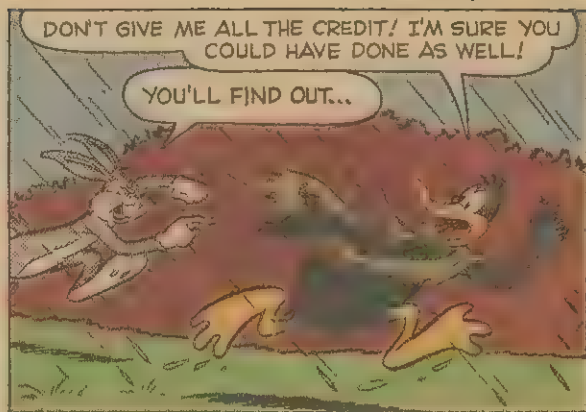
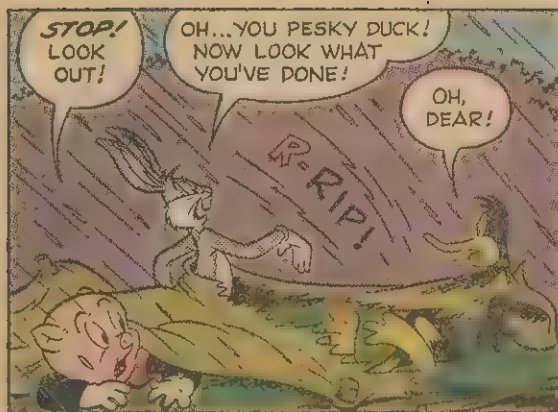
LOOK OUT!
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO MAKE SUCH A
PRODUCTION
OUT OF IT!

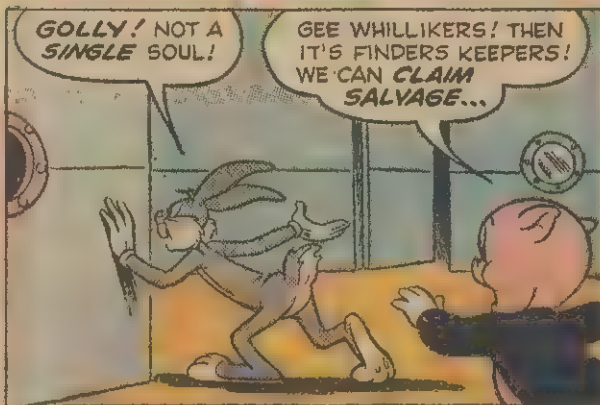
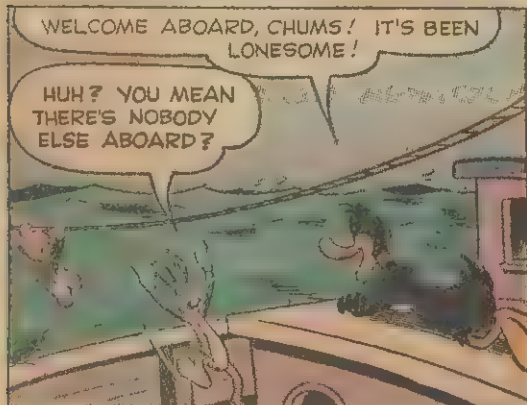
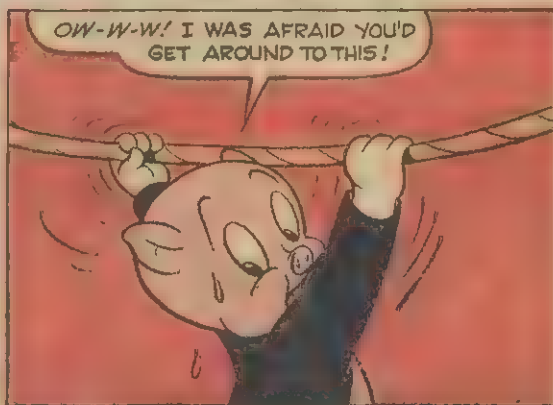
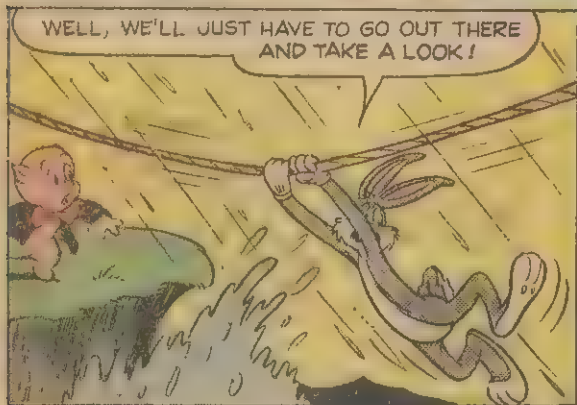
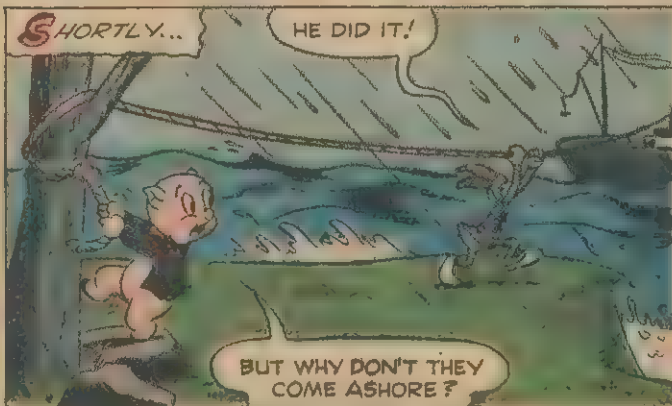
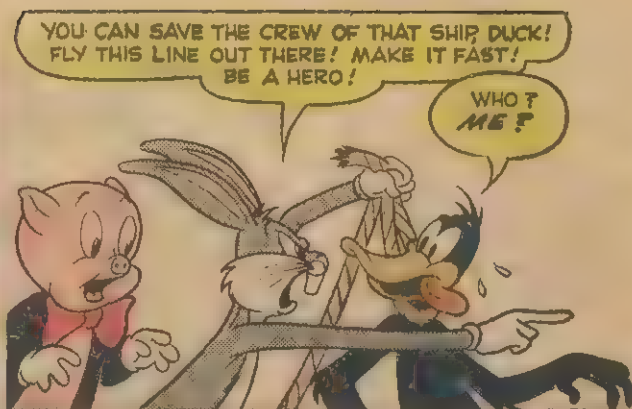
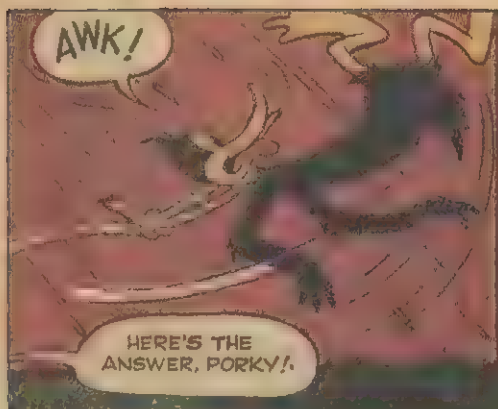
THEY CALL IT NICE
WEATHER FOR DUCKS
BUT THEY'RE SO-O
WRONG... SO-O
WRONG!

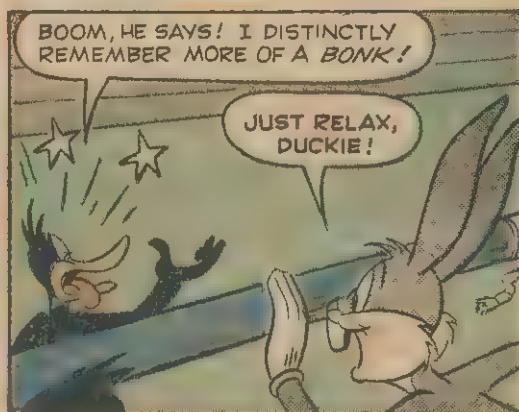
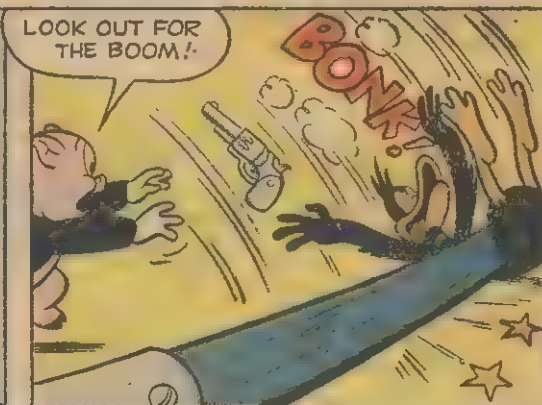
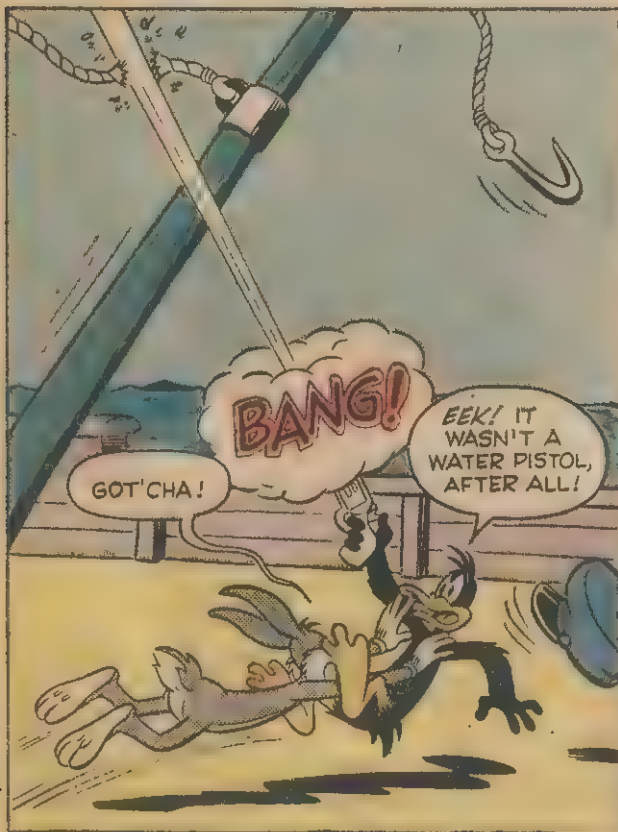
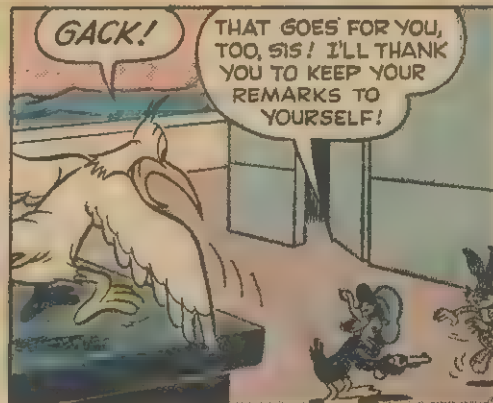
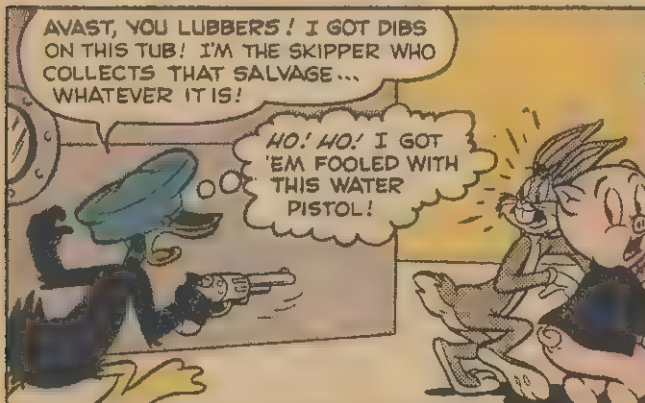
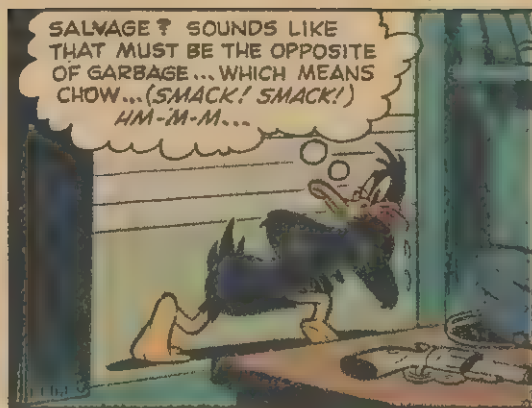
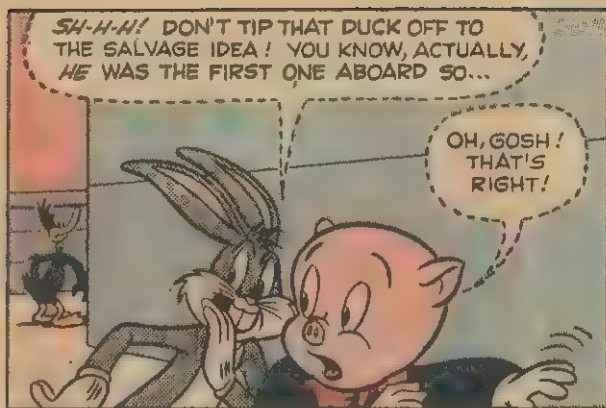
LOOK OUT! YOU'LL
KNOCK THE TENT POLE...

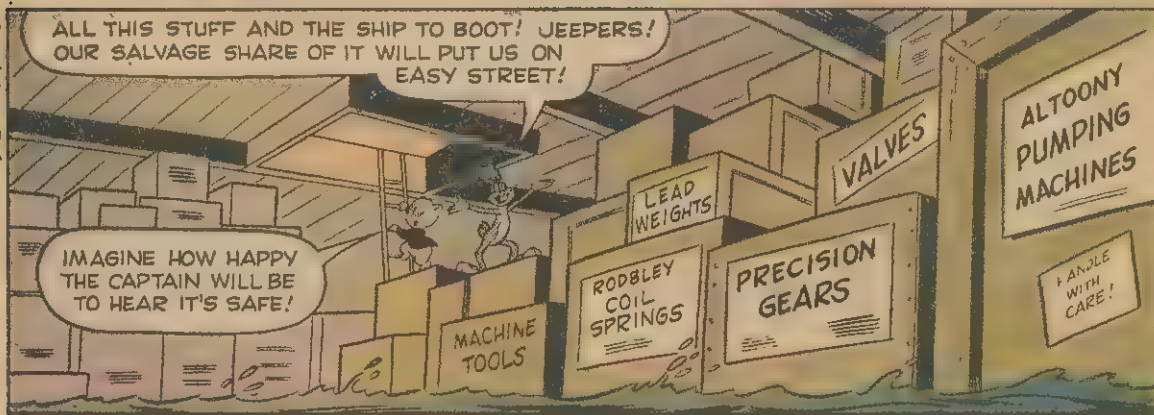
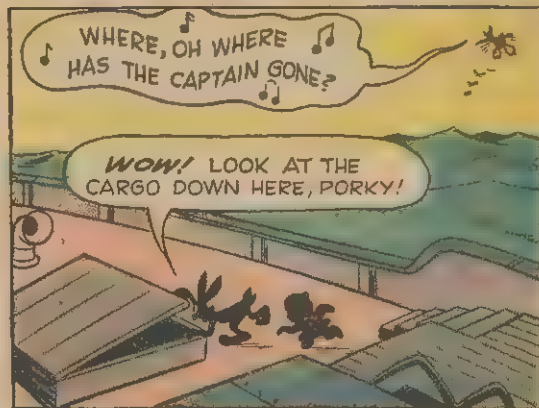
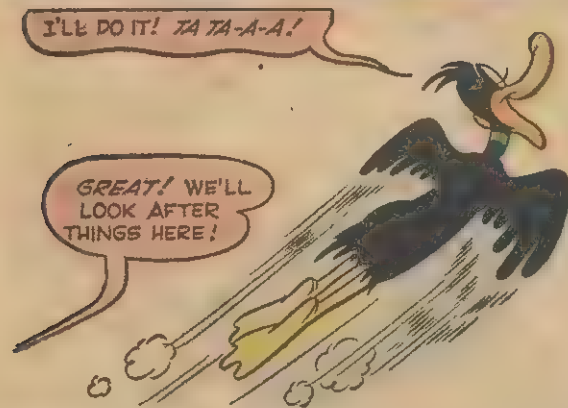
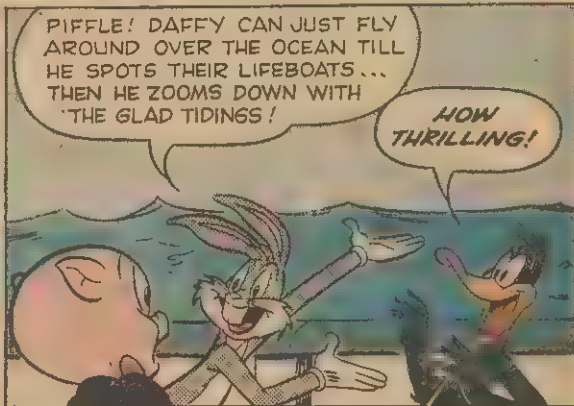
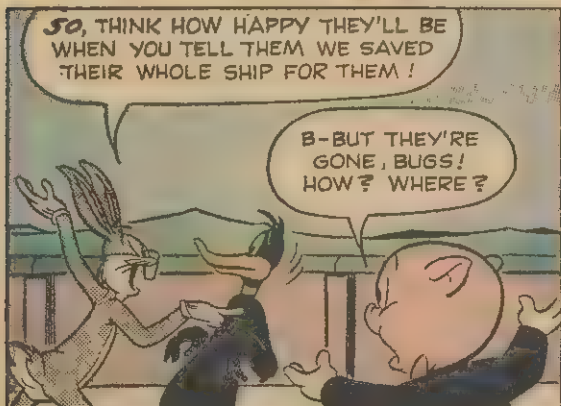
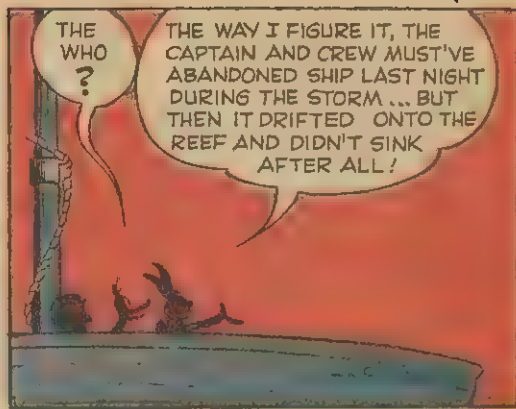
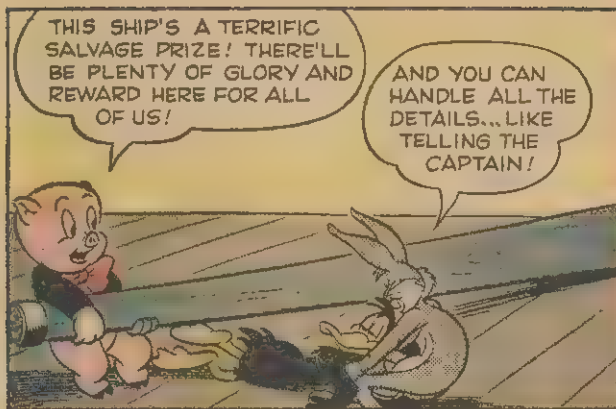
...OVER!

OW! I'M
SURROUNDED!

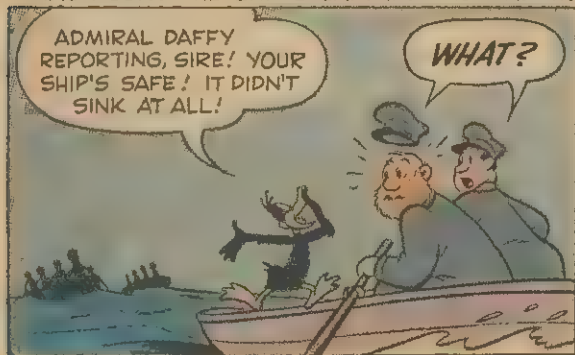






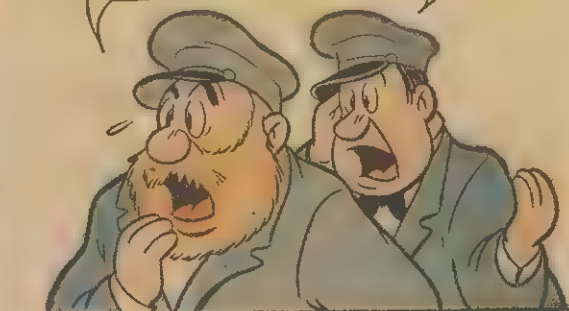


BUT WE WON'T HAVE TO IMAGINE IT! DAFFY HAS FOUND THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN AND MATE...



DIDN'T SINK?
OH, NO... IT'S
GOT TO!

WE OPENED THE
SEA-COCKS! WE...



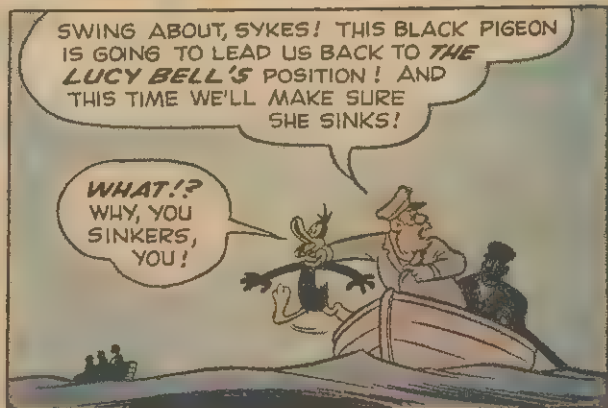
WAIT! WHO ELSE KNOWS
ABOUT THIS, DUCK?

(GURK!) M-MY
PARTNERS...
BUGS BUNNY...
P-PORKY...



SWING ABOUT, SYKES! THIS BLACK PIGEON
IS GOING TO LEAD US BACK TO *THE
LUCY BELL'S* POSITION! AND
THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE
SHE SINKS!

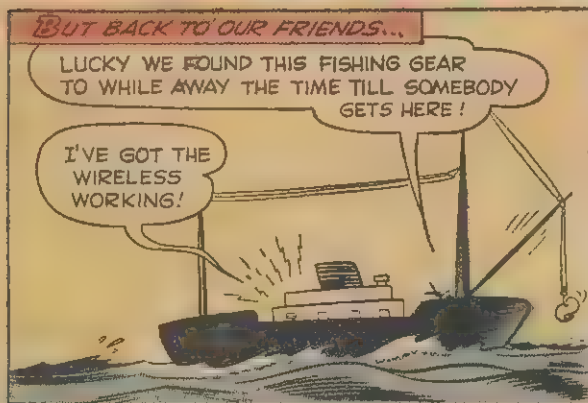
WHAT!?!
WHY, YOU
SINKERS,
YOU!



BUT BACK TO OUR FRIENDS...

LUCKY WE FOUND THIS FISHING GEAR
TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME TILL SOMEBODY
GETS HERE!

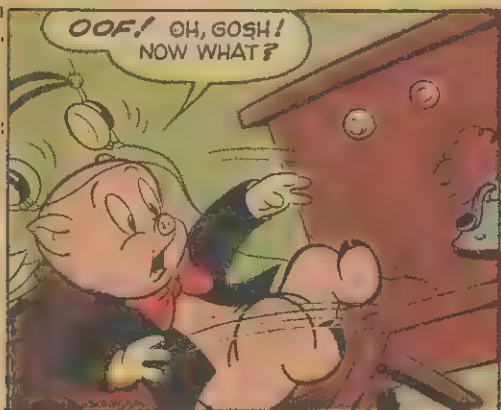
I'VE GOT THE
WIRELESS
WORKING!



THIS IS BETTER THAN SENDING A DUCK!
I'M SENDING OUT A MESSAGE FOR THE
COAST GUARD... SO THEY'LL KNOW THE
SHIP IS SAFE!

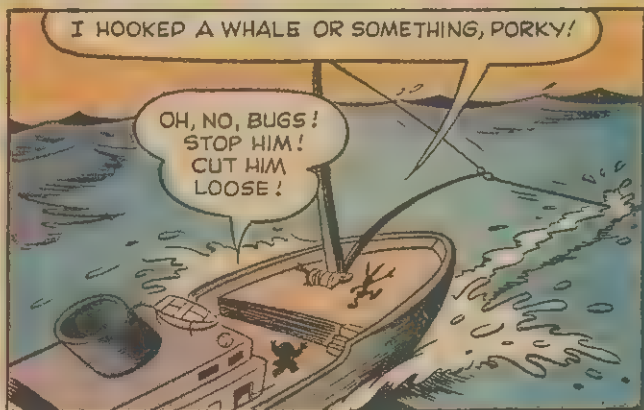


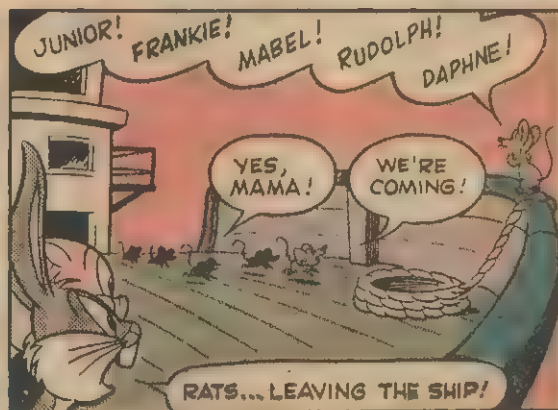
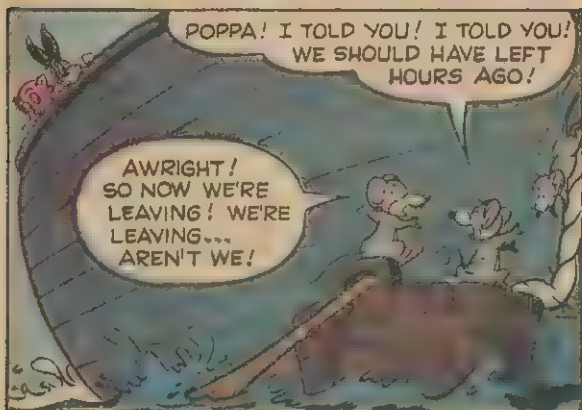
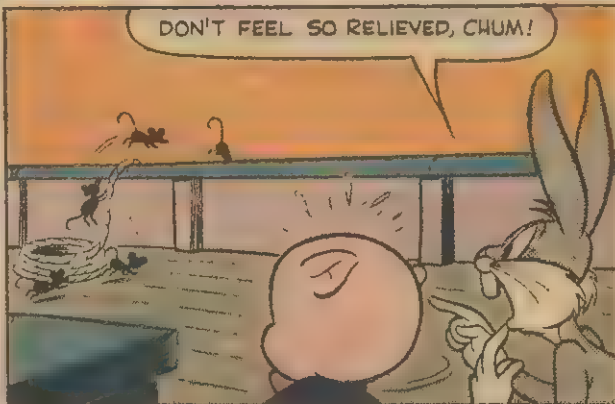
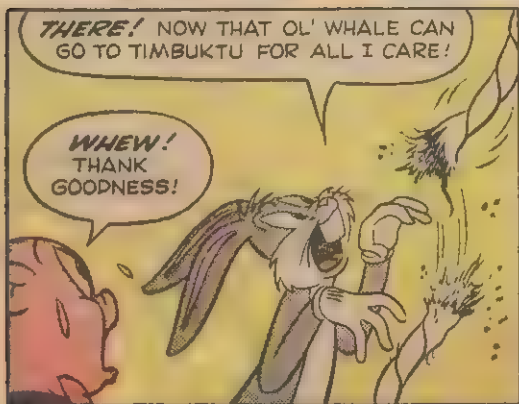
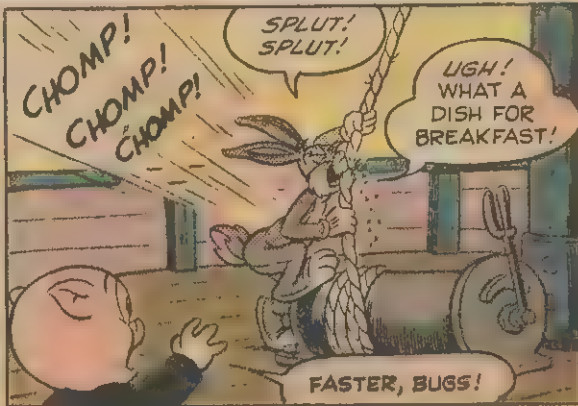
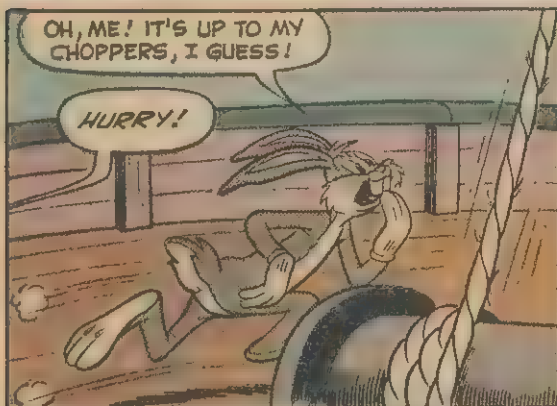
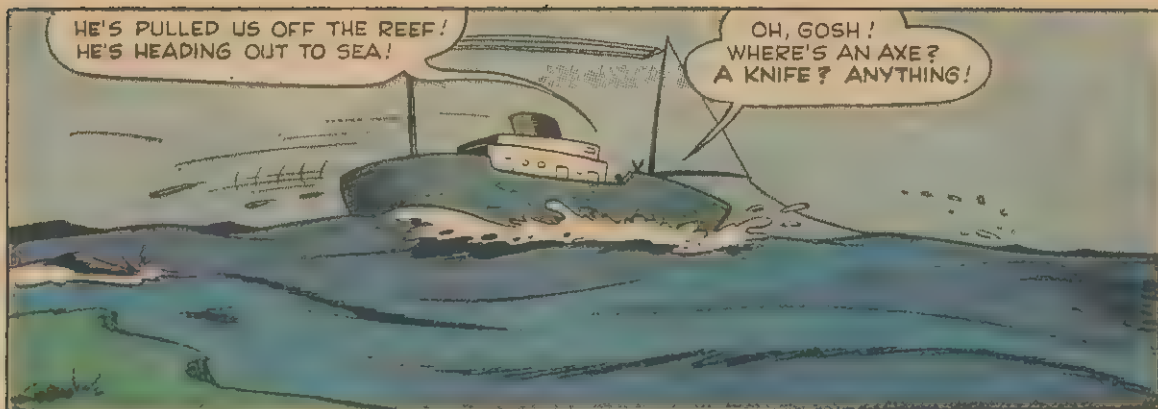
OOF! OH, GOSH!
NOW WHAT?

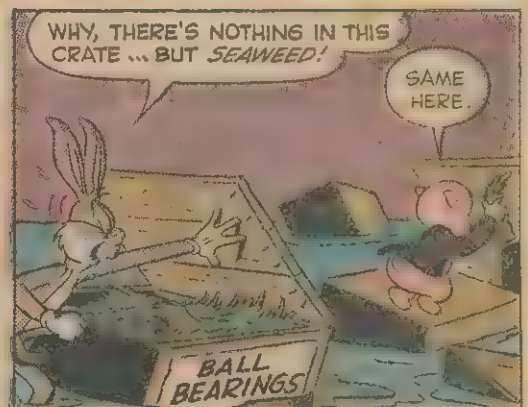
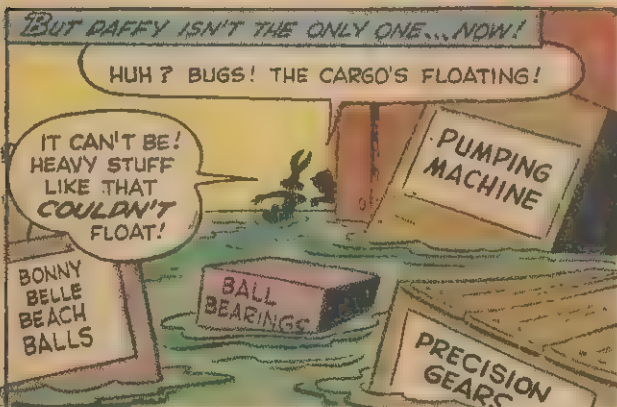
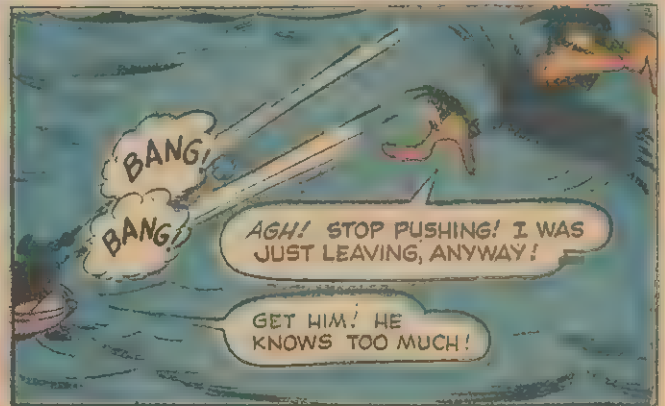
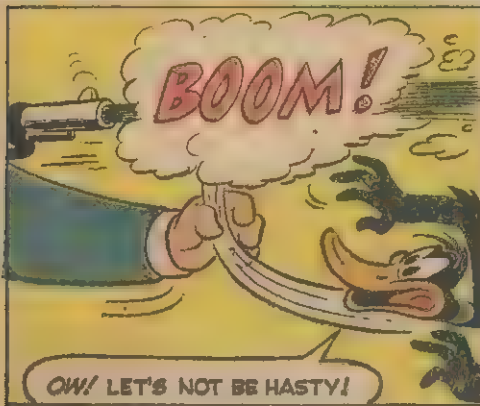
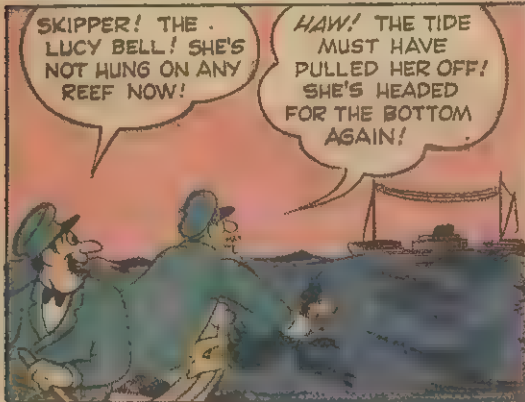
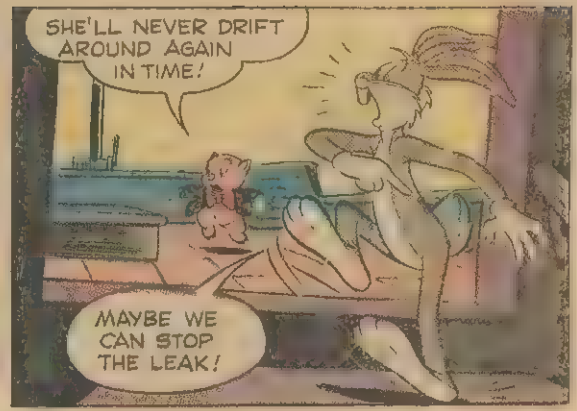


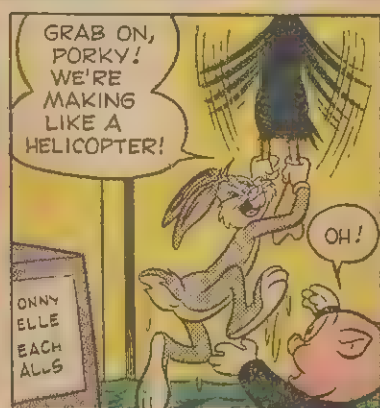
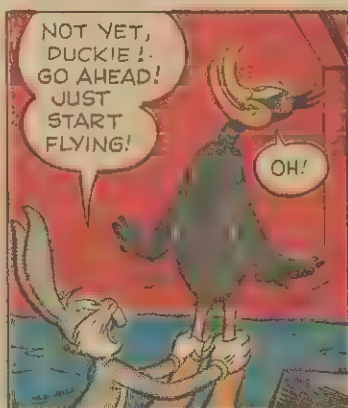
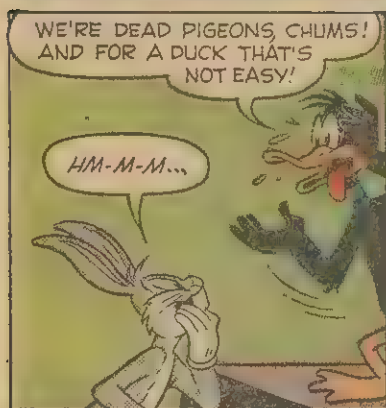
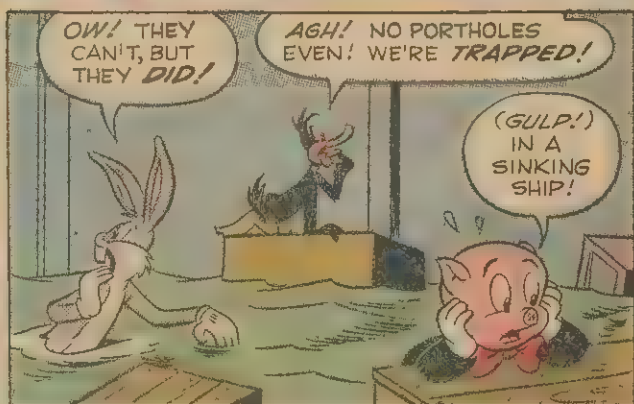
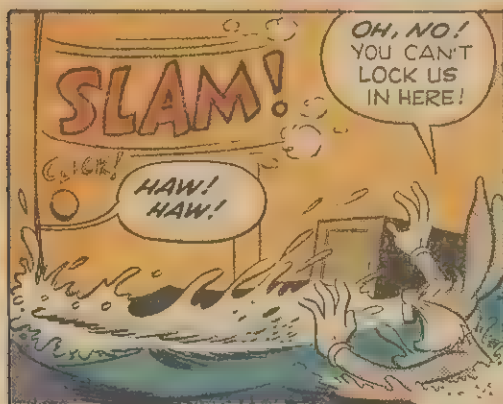
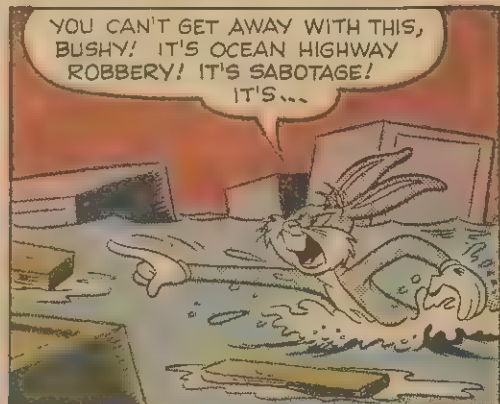
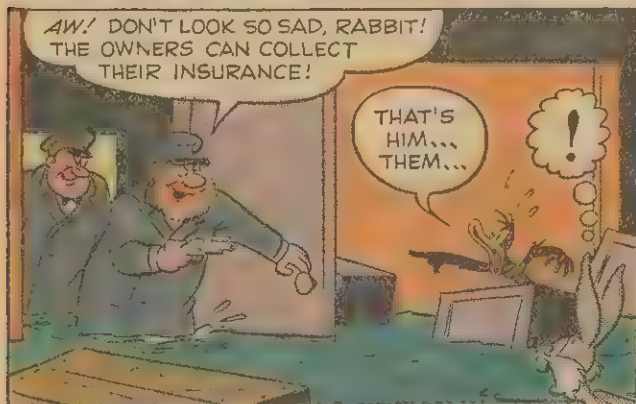
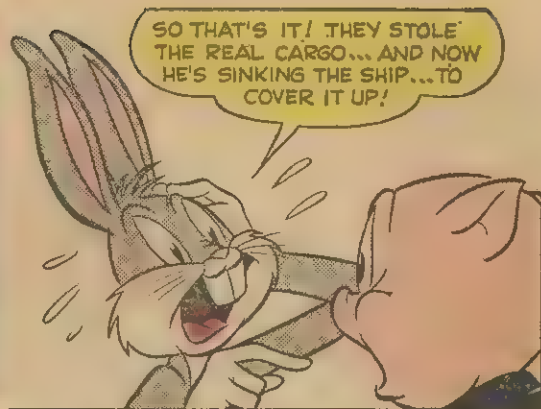
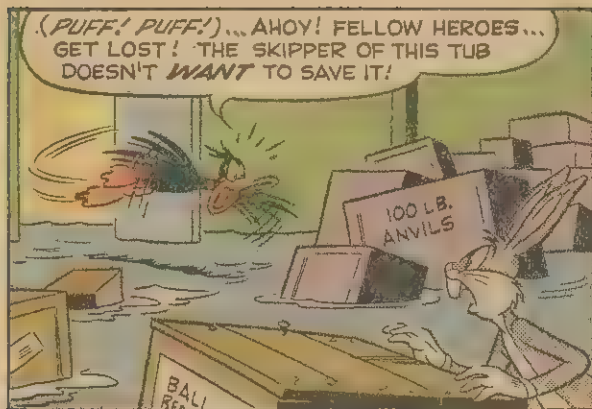
I HOOKED A WHALE OR SOMETHING, PORKY!

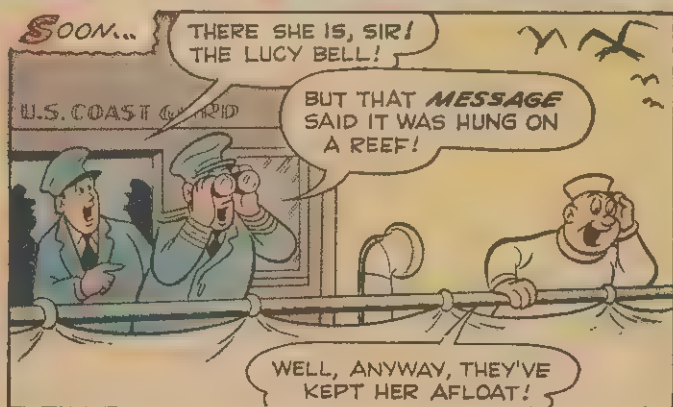
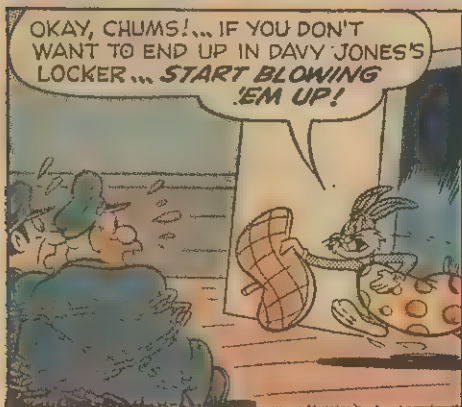
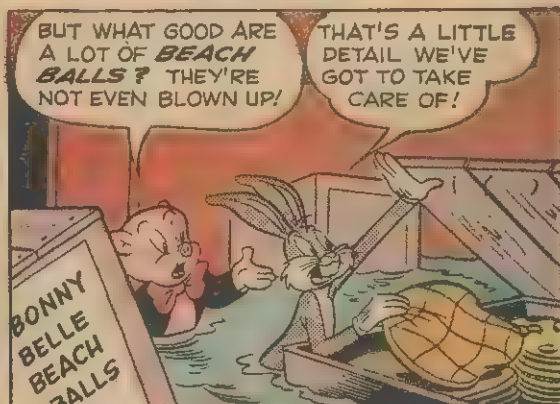
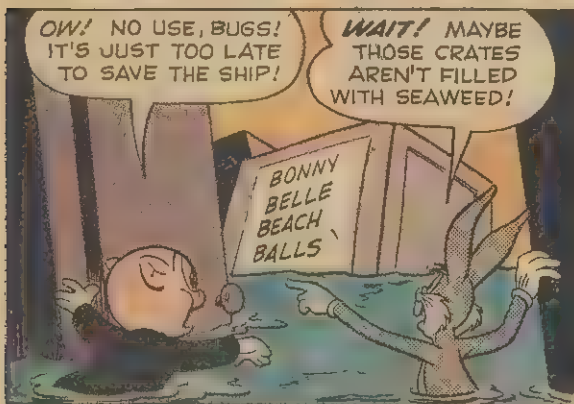
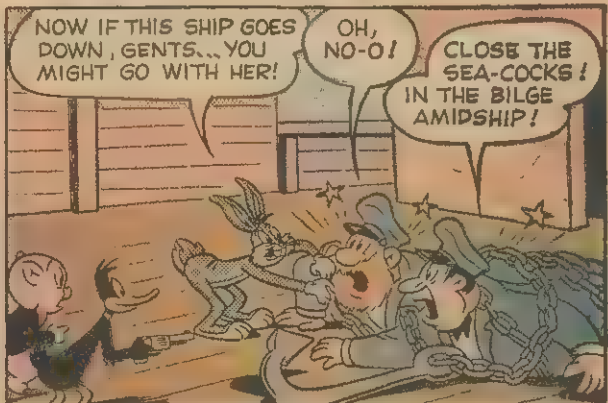
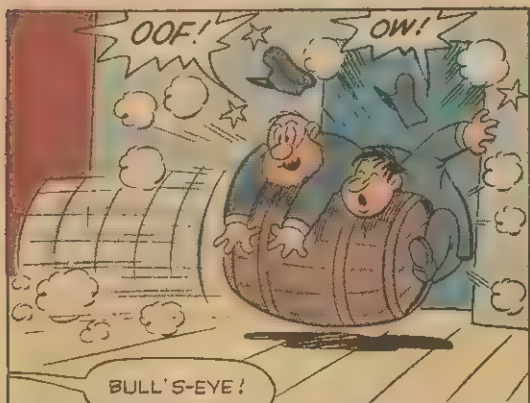
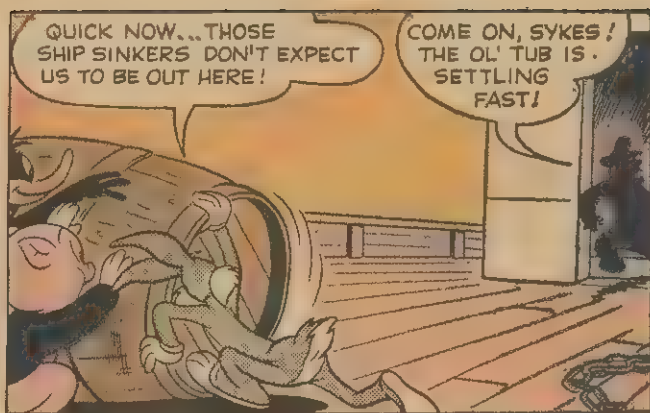
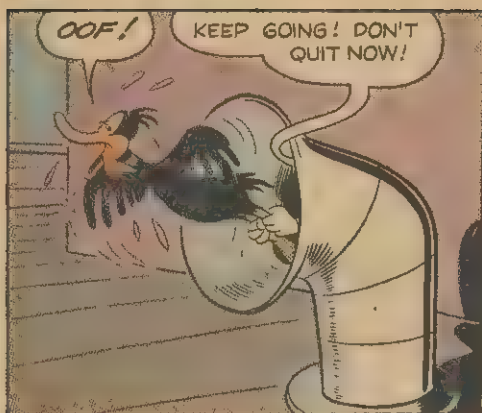
OH, NO, BUGS!
STOP HIM!
CUT HIM
LOOSE!

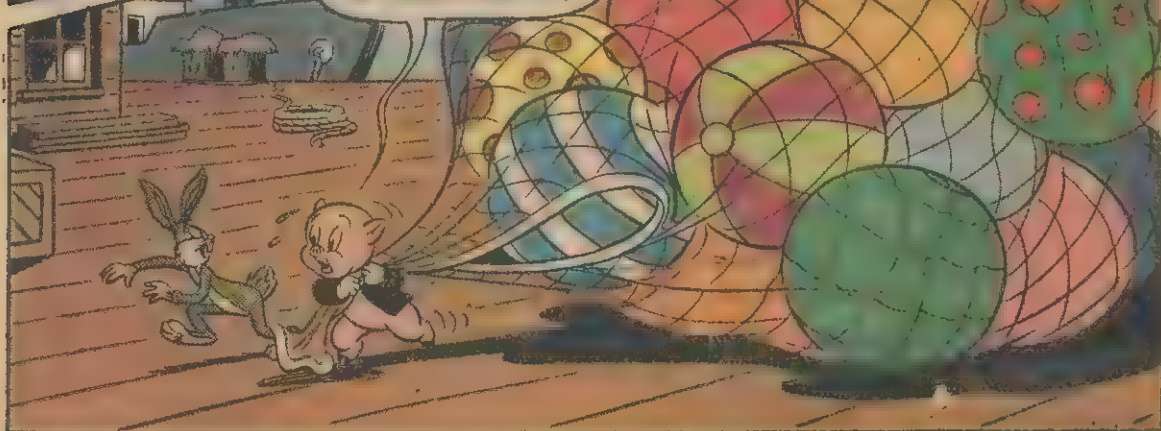
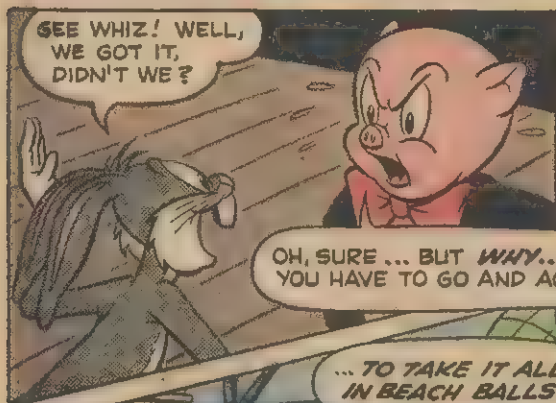
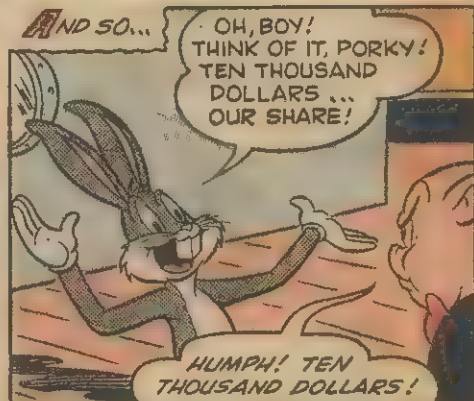
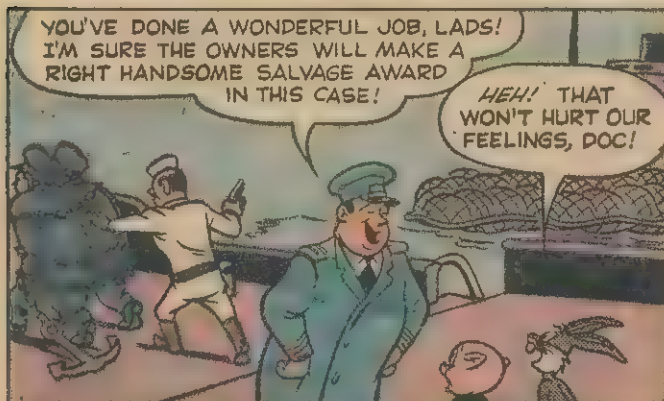
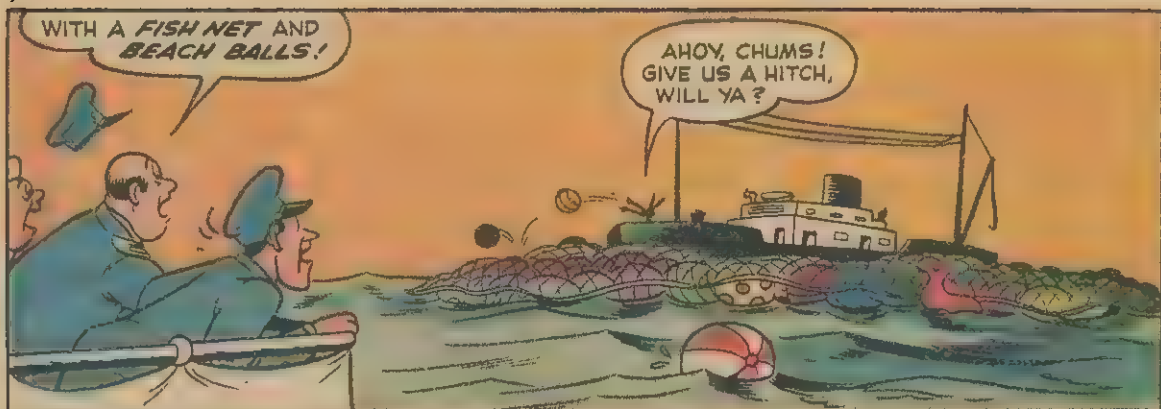








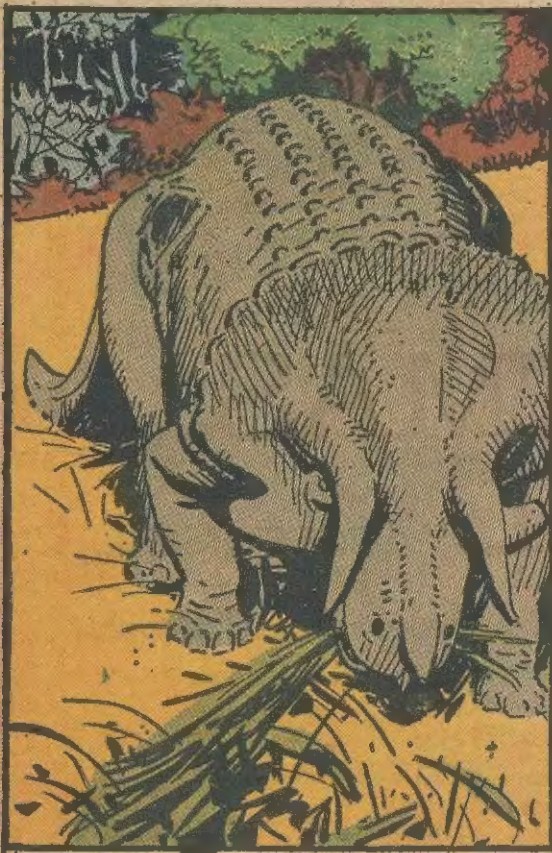






DINOSAURIA

TRICERATOPS



Triceratops was the last of the horned dinosaurs. It was also the largest — about twenty feet long and eight feet high. Its huge skull was seven feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its bony neck. Its name means "horns on the face." Living about seventy million years ago, it roamed the dry plateau lands of northeast Asia and northwest America. It moved on short, powerful feet, dragging its tail on the ground. It was a plant-eater feeding on soft plants and small saplings.



Triceratops was probably a herding dinosaur, traveling about in large groups from one grazing ground to another. Despite its fierce appearance, it was a peaceful animal until attacked.



If attacked, it could not seek refuge in deep water nor did it have armor plating to crouch under as other dinosaurs did. Instead, its sharp horns became its formidable defense.

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bigger
than
ever...

in the best
Magazine Special ever...



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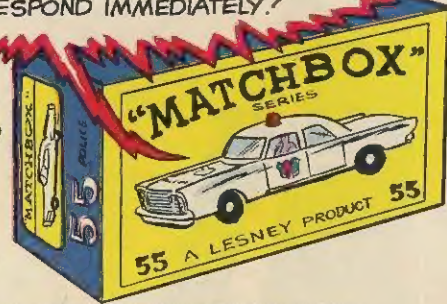
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